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A BOBBETT Sc.

THE DISCOVERY OF THE BODY IN THE SNOW.

THE ABDUCTED HEIRESS.

BY MRS. CAROLINE INGRAHAM.

AUTHOR OF "SARAH PERCIVAL; OR, THE BRIDE OF THE HOUSE OF GOLD," ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER I.

THE FATAL LETTER.

Rose Erringcourt sat in the little parlor of a New England inn, leaning her head upon her hand, and absorbed in the deepest and most painful thought. Though she was not, in reality, quite twenty-five years of age, she looked almost thirty. Tall, slender, and agile as a panther, her figure possessed that willowy grace which fascinates the beholder like a strain of "perfect music," while her face, with its proud, statue-like beauty of feature, its nameless, melancholy charm, and its large, passionate black eyes, once seen, could never be forgotten.

Let us take the reader back a few years. Rose had been thrown upon the world at an early age, by the death of her parents. But not entirely alone, nor destitute of resources. A small pittance remained to her, granted by the generosity of her father's creditors; her mother's maiden sister, Edith Halsey, who resided in a humble way in the great city of London, opened her doors to her with a welcome whose sincerity almost made amends for the great loss she had sustained. For Rose had been born in England. She was the child of fairer skies than ours, the daughter of a land where the hedges are white with the fragrant blossoms of the spring—and where the lark goes heavenward at morn, and the nightingale sings the long night through. Dearly had she loved the quiet cottage in Devonshire, where her earliest days had been spent—but while those pleasant scenes had stamped themselves forever upon her heart, the rush and roar of the great grim city took fast hold upon her vivid imagination, and held her captive as with a mighty spell.

True, the lodgings which Miss Edith Halsey occupied with Rose, her niece, were of the humblest kind, and in a retired neighborhood, but the young girl was satisfied to stand for hours at her little window, and dream and wonder of those who passed beneath her—satisfied to sit, in the gathering twilight, beside the parlor fire, and make pictures in the glowing coals—satisfied, in short, with all and everything around her, till in an evil hour the very spirit of unrest came bodily before her, and happiness and contentment left her side forever.

I cannot tell what perverse chance brought Justus Erringcourt, the future husband of Rose, to that quiet home. But he came to visit Miss Halsey, who had been a quandom sweetheart of his father. To her he was very dear. The fox-hunting Squire, his father, who broke his neck in riding a mad steeple chase, for a wager, was not half so well remembered as this graceful youth, who united the beauty of an Apollo, with the strength of a Hercules. In the slender, yet muscular form, the smiling audacious face, the bright curls of chestnut hair, and the large eyes of a clear dark gray, that darkened and flashed alternately with every passing emotion of the mind, she saw the lover of her youth once more, and the light and warmth of those beautiful days returned; softened and chastened, it is true, like the shadow of the moon-beams upon the water, but still bright and dear. So she took him to her heart, little thinking she was nourishing a serpent there, who should one day sting her through that very kindness she had displayed.

Rose Carroll was young and romantic. The coming of Justus Erringcourt was like the approach of a lighted torch to a magazine of powder. Thoughts and feelings, of which she had never dreamed before, started into life and light when his eye met hers, or his hand clasped her own. She was thoroughly and earnestly in love, and for the first time.

There was little romance in the courtship and marriage of Rose Carroll and Justus Erringcourt. No one to oppose it—every one to encourage and aid the young pair with counsel and assistance. The ceremony was a private one—no witnesses being present, except the good aunt, Edith, and the wife of the officiating clergyman. The tenants of the young Squire were ignorant of the important step he had taken. There were reasons for this delay—so he assured Miss Halsey, in private—and she was satisfied when he spoke of the great rejoicings, that would follow their return from the continent, and the proud and loving welcome, those true-hearted Englishmen would give his lovely bride, when she took her rightful place as lady of the house.

So at Fernheath, the home of Erringcourt, no bells were rung, and no public rejoicings made, on the day that gave a mistress to the Hall—but the happy pair stepped quietly into a post-chaise, and were whirled away, to spend their honeymoon in France, as if they had ranked no higher in the social scale than the shop keepers who had supplied the wedding outfit. But Rose was content because he was beside her. She asked nothing more.

"The wife of an English gentleman, and the mistress of a fine property," methinks I hear my reader exclaim.. "Then why is she not in the old ancestral home? What should she be doing in an out of the way New England inn? And alone, moreover?"

Dear reader, there are many things that puzzle us in this strange little world of ours, and this was one. Rose, beautiful and brilliant as she was, did not possess the secret of keeping the love she had won. Perhaps her mistake lay in showing her own profound love too plainly—at all events, the gay young Squire soon wearied of his bride, and was not careful to conceal his weariness. Reproaches, tears, and quarrels soon followed—and after some six months spent in misery, the newly wedded pair separated, and Rose returned to her home in London. Discouraged and heartsick, she gladly left the scene which recalled her husband so vividly, and sailed to America with Mrs. Effingham, a widow and a friend of her aunt's, in the capacity of governess. Ill luck seemed to attend her here also; her charge sickened, and died soon after her arrival, and she was homeless and almost friendless in a land of strangers. But "God helps those who help themselves." Rose wearied of the city and longed for a quiet and pleasant home in the country. Ere long, through the kind efforts of Mrs. Effingham, a situation was offered her in a distant country village, which she thankfully accepted. She, who had cherished so many glowing dreams of the future, subsided into a quiet country school mistress, and bent her energies and talents to the task of teaching "the young idea how to shoot." But it was an irksome task, and her proud English blood rebelled, even while her poverty forced her to submit.

And this was the reason why she sat alone in the little parlor of the country inn. It was a dreary, dismal day. The snow had been falling at short intervals, during the whole week; and on this Saturday afternoon, the heavy leaden sky, and a kind of gray aspect brooding over everything around, betokened another storm.

Rose got up, and pressing her burning forehead against the window pain, looked out. All was cheerless and comfortless without—the far-off hills looked bleak and cold, and the road that went winding through them was almost hidden by the heavy drifts.

"Oh, England! England!" she sighed, as she looked. "I would I were back again. These bleak hills must never shut me in!"

A knock at the door startled her, and her host entered, bringing a letter.

"Beg pardon for disturbing you, ma'am, but I've just been down to the post-office, and I thought I'd bring this up for you. You look a little lonesome, Mrs. Erringcourt; perhaps this will cheer you up a little."

"Thank you—I dare say it will," replied Rose, with a sunny smile. She had so few to care for her, that the arrival of this letter was quite an event in her life.

She broke the seal as the landlord closed the door behind him. An enclosure fell to the ground, and then a slip of paper fluttered down after it. She picked them both up, and read upon the latter these words:

> "This letter seems important, my dear young friend, so I forward it without delay. I hope it will give you good news from all your friends—as I see it is from England. Write to me, and let me know how you succeed in your new undertaking, and if you are pleased with your wild New England home.
>
> Your sincere friend,
>
> "Caroline Effingham."

From England! She held the letter to her heart with a trembling hand. It was the answer to one she had written to her husband, many weeks before. She had laid aside her woman's pride, and prayed, meekly and humbly, to be forgiven, and taken back once more to his heart and home. What could his answer be? Would the remembrance of those earliest, happiest days of theirs come up before him to plead for her? Had he, too, repented bitterly of the past? Had he longed for her presence as she for his? Had he started suddenly from his sleep at night, thinking a familiar face was before him, and a familiar voice calling his name? and, finding himself still alone, had he wept and prayed in very anguish of spirit, till his pillow was wet with tears? All this she had done, and much more. Surely, he could not have forgotten her as yet—he would not resist her appeal—the more that, upon the senseless paper, she had poured forth the secret she should have whispered with her head lying upon his breast, and told him that he was soon to be a father. The voice of nature would plead for her and for his unborn child! The thought made her cheek glow, and her heart beat; and she broke the seal of his letter, and read:

> "Rose:—Had I known you less intimately, I might have been surprised at the tone of your letter—as it is, nothing that you may do can ever astonish me. I can only wonder, however, that you think me so credulous. You left me of your own free will. You told me once that we could never be happy together, and that it was your most earnest prayer that you might never look upon my face again. Your prayer will be granted now, Rose. As soon as the necessary legal forms are complied with, a divorce will be granted me, and another will take your place. In the eye of the law, you are not my wife. As for the child—*my* child, as you are pleased to call it—I am willing to assist you. Could I indeed believe myself its happy father, I would relieve you of all trouble on that account. But this is a strange world, and you are a strange woman, Rose. However, you will find enclosed a cheque upon an American banker, which you can use as you see fit. I will also aid you in future in this way, for the sake of what has been, on condition that you never molest me in my new relation. Good bye, Rose,—a happy and prosperous journey through life to you.
>
> "Ever your friend, J. E."

The paper fell upon the floor, and her head bowed upon her hands. The blackness of desolation was around her, and in the depth of her despair, she could not even resent the deep and deadly insult he had offered her—an insult which only death could ever teach her to forgive. She sat alone amid the ruins of her happiness—alone, without an earthly friend upon whose bosom she could rest her weary head—and—worse than all—with no knowledge of Him who has said "Come unto me all ye who are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest." God, was to her, the mighty and awful Judge, and not the kind and pitying Father, whose hand is always outstretched to stay the stumbling steps of his overtasked children. Alas for Rose! No hour in her life was so bitter as that!

At last, strength and spirit returned, and she looked up with a kindling glance.

"And I have loved that man!" she exclaimed with a kind of contemptuous pity for herself. "I have been his slave—and this is my reward. Thank God—it is all over now!"

She tore the cheque to atoms and threw it in the fire. But the letter she preserved, locking it up carefully in her private writing desk.

Then came the miserable sense of utter loneliness and utter despair that always attend so great and sudden a grief. She walked the floor impatiently and sat down before a small cabinet piano that had been the companion of her leisure hours. But the sweet chords seemed jangled out of tune; and she could only sing the songs *he* had loved best. Every fibre of her frame, every feeling of her soul, called for immediate and incessant action, as a safeguard against madness and misery. She wrapped herself warmly in a thick gray cloak, and drawing its fur-trimmed hood around her head, descended the stairs and went out at the front door.

"A cold day for you, Mrs. Erringcourt," said the landlord, who was hurrying up from the barn. "I am afraid if you go far we will never see you here again."

"Good-bye, then," she said, forcing a smile, and holding out her hand.

He took it with a merry laugh. How little they thought as they stood there, that it was for the last time—how little Rose imagined as she hurried along towards those distant snowy hills, that the prophecy uttered in jest, was a true one, and that never, in life, should he look upon her face again.

CHAPTER II.

THE SNOW STORM.

Perhaps it is better to lay those we love within the grave, than to see them stand suddenly unveiled before us in a deformity which shocks our very souls. There are memories of the living far more bitter than of the dead. And Rose, hurrying blindly along in her sorrow, choked down the hottest and most passionate tears that ever fell from human eyes.

To herself she seemed an outcast and an alien from her kind. No home opened its doors to welcome her—no kind hand was extended to lead her in to light and warmth and happiness. The gray sky lowered above her head—a keen wind blew around her path and the first heavy flakes of the approaching storm came driving in her face. The storm within her soul was a greater one, and to escape herself, she fled, as if an avenging fury had been close upon her steps.

At last she halted, worn out by the wild speed at which she had come. The lights of the village twinkled faintly far behind her. and around her, on every side, were the snowy hills she had been watching from her window an hour before. Half-way up the side of one, grew a fine tree, blasted by some lightning stroke. She looked at it long and earnestly. A strange impulse seemed to draw he. to the spot, and although she was in a wild and lonely place, and the night was fast drawing on, she scaled the fence, and hurried up the steep ascent, to repose for a moment beneath its shelter. The thick flakes of falling snow almost blinded her, but breathless and giddy she fought her way along, and sank down, exhausted, upon a small level platform at the foot of the tree.

The village was still visible beneath her. She gazed for a long time in silence, at the lighted windows, each speaking of merry gatherings around a social hearth, and then lifted her eyes to the starless sky above her.

"This is the only fitting place for me," she murmured, bowing her face in her cold hands. "What have I to do with happy homes? I am a wanderer upon the face of the earth, and the bleak hillside is the only place that shelters me lovingly."

A sudden thought came up before her, that made her blood boil within her veins. It was of her husband. And fancy pictured him seated in luxurious ease before a glowing fire, with that newly loved one by his side, while she shrunk and shivered beneath the wintry blast, which, after all, was less cruel than he had been. She sank upon her knees and lifted her hands to Heaven.

"Oh, Thou who art just and righteous" she prayed aloud, "be thou the judge between him and me. Thou knowest our hearts. And as he has done unto me, and his unborn child, so may it be done unto him. Deal Thou with him—let the full measure he has meted out, be returned unto him. Thou who art the God of the widow and the fatherless, avenge us, that he may remember us when trouble and death are close upon him."

A bitter stinging sense of cold pervaded her whole frame, and warned her to seek a place of shelter. She rose, and wrapping her cloak more closely around her, took her way down the hill. But slowly and feebly, for her limbs were chilled and stiff, and the darkness of the night, rendered more blinding by the heavy snow, confused and led her astray.

Hope and strength seemed deserting her together, as she tried in vain to remember the path by which she came. She stumbled and fell now and then as she hurried along, and rose with bruised limbs and bleeding hands, with the lights of the village for her only guide. And even they seemed farther off than before. In her bewilderment, she fancied them the twinkling of false lights in some far off swamp.

"No, I shall never reach home any more," she murmured as she felt a deep drowsiness stealing over her. "They will come out to look for me to-morrow, and find me dead. I can walk no longer—and after all, what is life to me, that I should desire it?"

She threw herself down upon the cold ground, and pillowed her head upon her arm. A delicious sense of languor and security pervaded every limb—the tired eyes closed, and a smile played around the half-parted lips as sweet as that upon an infant's face.

A moment and all would have been lost! But, as if touched by the hand of her guardian angel, the bell of the village church rang the hour of eight. The deep, though distant sounds, penetrated through the half-drawn veil of slumber before her, and roused her to a sense of her situation. To sleep, was certain death. She rose to her feet, steadying herself by the tree at whose foot she had been lying, and passed her hand across her brow, with a bewildered air. Then turning her face towards home, she went staggering towards the lights and slowly descending the hill.

This time her good angel guarded her, and after a few efforts, she scaled the fence, and found herself once more upon the slight descent that led down to the highway. She looked eagerly out through the darkness for help, and heard the sound of bells, and saw the gleam of approaching lights. Was it the good landlord who had missed her, and was now coming in search of her? No—it could not be—for even as she listened she heard glad laughter ringing out above the music of the bells. Then came a song in which a chorus of voices joined, and just below her, a great sleigh drawn by six horses, and filled with merry couples, snugly wrapped in furs, went sweeping by. She could see them by the light of the two lamps that twinkled on the driver's box, but they were too happy and too thoughtless to strain their eyes upward into the gloom, to see that slender figure, mutely imploring assistance at their hands, and receiving for answer the loud chorus of a negro melody. Why should they have done so? They were young and gay and thoughtless, and had no conception of the grief which had drawn her there. Yet it was with a hard and bitter feeling, which almost deserved the name of hatred, that she saw them glide on and leave her there alone.

Close upon the larger sleigh came several lighter ones, filled with happy faces, and drawn by gay and prancing horses. All—all went on, without a thought of her. The bitterness of death was in her heart, but the thought of the child whose face she had never seen, urged her to one more effort. And then to die so near home—to die where friends and neighbors might unconsciously pass by as she was lying stiff and cold—the thought was not to be borne.

Half crawling, half sliding, she came down the steep descent, and reached the side of the road. There her limbs refused to support her, and she sank down, watching and listening eagerly for the sound of sleigh bells. She heard them soon—a long way off—but coming nearer—nearer—nearer—every moment. The horse seemed gifted with the speed of the wind, and hurrying towards her, as if he knew her distress—when, just as her straining eyes could almost discern his outline through the gloom, the sleigh halted, turned, and was off again towards the village. One wild and piercing cry escaped from her stiffening lips, but the occupants of the sleigh did not hear it. They were young men, and too much absorbed in testing the speed of a favorite steed, to listen for sounds of distress.

Hope fled with them, and reason trembled upon her throne. Rose raised her stiffening hands towards the sky, and tried to pray, but the words died upon her tongue. That terrible drowsiness came back with redoubled force, and nature, worn out with struggling, refused to combat it. Her head sank down upon her arm—there came a long, long sigh, and all was still.

The soft, white snow fell down upon her, shrouding her in a pure white garment, and her sleep was fast changing into the sleep of death, when a sleigh came slowly up the road, driven by a worthy farmer, whose home was on the hill-side, and who was just returning from a long and cosy chat with some of his friends over the snug fire in the bar-room of the "Eagle Hotel." He was thinking, as he jogged along, of the new dress lying on the seat beside him, and the way in which the mild blue eyes of his good old wife would sparkle when he presented his gift. Suddenly the strange behavior of a large black Newfoundland, who was his constant companion, attracted his attention, and stopping his horse, he peered intently into the darkness to see what the animal had discovered.

"Good dog, Curly! Find him, my boy!"

But the dog only whined and barked, and coming close to the sleigh, tried to pull his master by the coat.

"Why, Curly, you old fool, what ails you?" said the worthy farmer, as he left the sleigh and followed him. "I don't see why the sling I took should affect you, but I actually believe it has got into your head, and—bless my soul! what's this!"

He had almost stumbled *over* the prostrate form of Rose. The dog licked *her* cold face and whined piteously.

"Yes—yes—Curly, my brave fellow," said Mr. Moore, with a sudden sympathy in his tone. "You are a brave fellow for finding her, sir, and we will take her home with us. Frozen—and a woman! God pity her—and God grant we may not be too late to serve her, Curly."

He lifted her in his arms as if she had been an infant, and bore her to the sleigh. The dog followed, and curling down by her side, tried, with almost human intelligence, to bring back the suspended life, by licking her frozen hands with his warm tongue, while his master, snatching up the reins, put his horse to its greatest speed.

It was not long before they dashed up to the door of a comfortable-looking farm-house, from whose kitchen windows the lighted fire-place within sent forth a strong and ruddy glow. The farmer lifted Rose in his arms, and bursting the door from its fastenings with one blow of his foot, bore her through the hall and into the warm room.

A gentle blue-eyed woman, hurrying towards the door, to see what so boisterous an entrance could mean, stopped short in astonishment when she saw the burden her husband carried. He laid the unconscious Rose upon a low settee that stood at some distance from the fire, and turned with a face full of honest distress, to his wife.

"Don't ask any questions now, Ellen, but call

all the women about the house, and see what you can do with this poor creature. I found her by the side of the road. I only hope she may not be frozen to death."

Mrs. Moore bent down with tearful eyes to throw aside the fur-trimmed cloak that hid the head of Rose. But when she saw the pale face, she started back in surprise, and exclaimed,—

"Oh, John, it is Mrs. Erringcourt who has been teaching the village school—don't you remember? How could she come here—and like this?"

"I see—I see," replied Mr. Moore impatiently. "But Ellen, every moment is precious if we would save her life. Throw open the door of the parlor and I will lay her on the bed. Then do you and the girls do all you can to restore her, while I go for the doctor."

In a few moments all was accomplished. The good old farmer was far on his way to the village, with Curly lying among the buffaloes, at his feet, and Rose seemed slowly reviving under the united efforts of Mrs. Moore and her two stout serving girls. The color was faintly stealing into her cheek, and her eyes had opened once, when a sleigh dashed up to the door, and the doctor and Mr. Moore sprang out.

"Is she alive?" asked Mr. Moore, eagerly, of his wife, who met him at the door.

"Yes—thank God!"

"Amen. God be praised," was the reverent reply. Oh, wondrous power of sympathy! Could Rose feel herself alone, when from those two honest hearts, so sincere a thanksgiving went up for her safety?

The doctor passed quickly into the room where his patient was lying. Rose, conscious only of keen and almost insupportable pain, as life came slowly back into her benumbed veins, looked up in his face, and groaned. He took her hand in his, and looked steadily at her for a few moments, as she lay with closed eyes, scarcely breathing, since breath was but a torture.

The grave face grew still graver, and turning away he whispered something to Mrs. Moore, that made the good lady sit down in her easy chair perfectly overcome with surprise. But she soon rallied, and bustling about with a peculiarly important air, sent every one from the chamber, and gave directions to the servant girls, stationed outside, in a whisper, as the night wore away.

Anxious and uneasy, and little understanding the bustle that pervaded the house, Mr. Moore walked the floor of the kitchen till the clock struck twelve. As the last sound died away, another and a different one broke upon his ear. It was the cry of an infant. He started, and sitting down, buried his face in his hands. Only once before had that sound been heard within his house—and his only child was sleeping now beneath the sods of the village churchyard.

Ere long the door of the parlor opened, and his wife looked out, weeping too.

"John—will you come in here,"—she faltered. He went. Rose, pale as death, was lying on the couch, propped up with pillows; and on her arm reposed a little wailing infant,—the child of sorrow and misery. Her eyes turned anxiously—first upon her infant, then upon him. He understood the mute appeal and answered it nobly.

"Do not fear for your child, dear lady. While I live, it shall be as my own."

A wan smile thanked him.

"Call her Justina," she faltered. And then raising the babe with sudden energy, she kissed it with all the agony of her grief.

"Oh God—forgive——"

A sudden, awful change passed swiftly over the beautiful face. Mrs. Moore gently lifted the child and the heavy arms dropped. There was a solemn silence in the room as the worn and weary spirit passed, broken only by the low wail of the infant who seemed even then to feel the bitter loss she had sustained.

CHAPTER III.

AN ARRIVAL.

How shall I describe Justina Erringcourt, the only child of this ill-starred marriage? She was not a lovely infant, and as she grew older, her complexion was too sallow, and her features too irregular, to give her any claim to beauty. But her eyes were wells of light and splendor. Large, finely shaped, shaded with long and heavy black lashes, and of that dark gray—that wondrous color, only seen in such eyes, or sometimes in the night, before a storm. Her mouth was small, full, and beautifully shaped; and around the rosy lips a half smile was perpetually playing, neither gay nor penive, but lending an indescribable air of melancholy to her countenance, that won the heart of the beholder.

It was impossible to gaze upon this child in her sixth year, without the feeling that something more than met the careless eye, was folded up within her. She moved among the village children with the air of a young princess—perhaps the strange story of her birth, which they had all learned by heart, had something to do with her unconscious air of command, and their meek acceptance of it. Be this as it may, the proud blood of the Erringcourts spoke out in her every look and motion, even as the easy grace of her dead mother displayed itself in her light step and proud carriage of the head, while the soul of her father looked out from her liquid eyes.

The home where she had been gently and tenderly reared, was only a plain New England farmhouse, but the child loved it well. She loved to stand in the door at sunset, and watch the red moon rising slowly over the gray hills. She loved the lowing of the cows as they came home to be milked, and the distant hooting of the owls in the pine woods, that lulled her to sleep each night—but she never seemed, for a moment, to lose sight of the fancy that all these things were but for a little while—and that other scenes, and another home awaited her in the coming years.

"I shall grow up here in the village," she would say, with a dreamy look in her soft eyes; "when I get to be a woman, my father will come for me, and take me home to England. Then I shall have a beautiful home, and elegant dresses and jewels, and a great many servants; but I never will forget this little place, or any one that has been kind to me, and when I come back to see you I shall bring you beautiful presents; and Curly shall have the handsomest collar in England because he saved my life."

"But if your father should forget you and not come," Mrs. Moore said one day, as Justina was lying at her feet, with her hand pillowed upon Curly's shoulder.

The child rose to her feet and looked at her steadily, while a sudden gloom and darkness filled her eyes.

"My father *never* can forget me!" she said eagerly, and going out of the house she went and threw herself down by her mother's grave, and wept bitterly. From that time, no one was allowed to check her in her ambitious flights. She had been taken, from the first, into the hearts of the good people who had adopted her, and her word was law throughout the house. But we are proverbially ungrateful, as children, and while her foster parents were straining every nerve to please her, every task that she conned, and every grace or accomplishment she learned, was solely with reference to the coming time, when she should be far away. To the instructions of the village dancing-master, she added some natural graces of her own, and danced like a fairy, but it was only that her father might see her at some future time. She had a passion for music which was fostered and encouraged by the village organist, till at seven years of age she was almost a prodigy; but when strangers stood around her, and watched the tiny fingers flying over the keys, or applauded the childish, but powerful voice that executed the most difficult music with ease, only one thought was uppermost in her mind, and that was:

"My father will be pleased with me, for as I grow older, I shall, of course, improve. And if he is proud of me for my own gifts, in time I believe he will learn to love me, for the sake of my dead mother."

At last, when Justina was entering upon her eighth year, chance seemed to throw a long-sought opportunity in her way, and open an avenue towards the goal she sought to reach. An English lady, travelling for pleasure among the Granite Hills, was taken ill upon her way, and forced to stop at the little village inn to recruit her strength. In so small a place, good and bad news travel with the same degree of speed, and the strange lady was hardly comfortably installed in her rooms at the inn, before a worthy gossip, knocked at the door of Mr. Moore, and began to unfold the wondrous tale.

"She travels with a man servant, and a lady's maid," said the narrator with uplifted hands. "And such dresses—such a diamond ring and pin—such a heavy chain, and such a dear little gold watch, no bigger than the brass buttons on your husband's coat, Mrs. Moore."

"And what is her name?" asked the farmer's wife, who was also keenly alive to the interest of the occasion.

"Mrs. De Courcy—and the landlord says he is sure he heard her maid call her 'my lady,'" replied the voluble narrator. "Only think, Mrs. Moore, if any person of rank has really stopped here, what a thing it will be to tell of."

"It will, indeed, Miss Smith," sighed the farmer's wife, as a thousand visions of rank and splendor began to flit before her bewildered eyes. "I do wish I could see her. I always had an idea these great lords and ladies must look different from every one else."

"So did I," replied her guest, with an air of superiority. "But I got a fair glimpse of her—and I don't know—after all——"

"Oh, do tell me all about her!" cried the eager Mrs. Moore, bustling about with her supper-table; "or wait till I get my supper ready. Mr. Moore has gone to the village, and wont be home till nine o'clock, and we will have a nice, cosy little chat together. Will you stay?"

Justina, sitting upon her footstool by the fire, and mentally devouring every word that was uttered, secretly hoped Miss Nancy Smith would accept the invitation. She did so; for it was not in human nature to resist the tempting hot biscuit and tea of Mrs. Moore's making, or the clear honey, and delicious fruit-cake, she placed side by side upon the board. Miss Nancy was accommodated with the best seat at table, and her plate filled with a profusion of good things; yet still she was silent.

"Is this English lady handsome?" asked Justina, at last, growing tired of seeing her take large mouthfuls of biscuit and butter, flavored with alternate doses of honey and qnince preserves.

Miss Nancy drank her tea, and shook her head mysteriously.

"There are different opinions about that, as a matter of course," she said, sagely. "I, for my part, don't think her so, but my sister-in-law, Mrs. Charles Thompson, who professes to be a judge, calls her very beautiful."

"But how does she look, Miss Nancy?" persisted Justina.

"She is tall, somewhat fully formed—like Mrs. Legrow, for instance, who, we all know, is a splendid woman. Then, her hair is of a light brown, and wavy and glossy as satin; her eyebrows are very dark, and her eyes large and blue. I think her mouth is rather too large, but she has beautiful white teeth; and then her hand—oh! you should see her hand—why, it is no larger than Justina's, and it has the same taper fingers,—why Justina, my dear, I never knew you had such a pretty hand before! It must be your English birth."

Justina looked at her hand in silence, secretly resolving to wear gloves in future, and preserve the aristocratic shape of that useful member; and Miss Nancy went on:

"But her hand is as white as snow, and the most beautiful ring I ever saw, my dear Mrs. Moore—though I think I spoke of that before— Justina, my love, what can you be thinking of, to make your eyes sparkle in that way?"

The child looked up with a quick, eager glance, that went to her foster mother's heart. She saw, at once, that the restless spirit longed to be away, and saw, in the coming of this stranger, only a means to her end.

"I was thinking," said Justina, the glow fading out of her eyes, as she heard Mrs. Moore sigh, "how much I should like to see this lady you are talking of. But if my mother does not like it too, I will not go near her."

"Justina, please yourself," said Mrs. Moore, hoarsely, as she bent over her and kissed her. "Neither your father nor I will ever prevent you; although, if you do go, I feel certain that she will take you off to England, and we shall have no little girl to love us, or stay with us, any more."

"Don't cry! don't cry, mother!" exclaimed the impetuous child, as she clung around her mother's neck. "I would not go away and leave you, if the lady was twice as beautiful and grand!"

Miss Nancy wiped her eyes stealthily.

"I always said Justina had a good, kind heart, Mrs. Moore," she exclaimed, triumphantly. "Talk about that child's having no feeling—why, she's all soul! You will be the happier and better for your kindness to your mother, my dear," she added, fondly.

But Justina did not hear her. She ran from the room, with her apron to her eyes, and, shutting herself up in her own little chamber, wept and sobbed bitterly. The giving up of the bright hope which had suddenly flashed across her, was the first great sorrow of her life. Yet given up it must be—for how could she bear to wring the heart of her adopted mother.

The room grew dark where she was lying, and through the uncurtained window she could see the full moon, rising over the trees beside the road. There is something in the quiet aspect of nature that can check the wildest bursts of passion, and at the sight of this familiar and well-loved moon, it seemed as if the kind face of a friend was looking down upon the lonely child. Her heavy sobs were checked, and exhausted with the conflict that had shaken her slender frame, she pillowed her cheek upon her hand, and gazed up into the blue sky, with a pensive and tender thought of the real mother, who had died in giving her birth, and whose lovely face she had never seen.

A low knock at the door startled her, and when she drew the bolt, Mrs. Moore entered. She sat down in the easy chair by the window, and drawing Justina to her knee, kissed her, and said quietly:

"My poor child, we love you very dearly, but at the same time we are willing to do everything for your good. We must not forget that your father has the first claim upon you, and that a way is now open to send you back to him. My husband has just returned from the village, Justina. He says the landlord was speaking of your playing, and this English lady wishes very much to hear you. She wishes you to come up to-morrow morning and play to her. Will you, my dear child?"

"Oh, mother!"

She checked herself instinctively, fearful of giving pain, but her quick, delighted kiss, and the sudden animation of the face that turned again towards the moon, as if to conceal its joy, spoke volumes. Mrs. Moore sighed—kissed the fair high brow, and rose from her seat.

"You shall go, my dear. And if you will come down stairs with me now, I will fix the things you may want to wear, and your father will tell you more about the English lady than I can."

Justina followed her, and through the long evening, Mrs. De Courcey was the one theme of conversation. It was a deeply interesting one to all, and when the child laid her head upon her pillow late at night, it was long before she could sleep, so delighted was she with the prospect of her morning's visit.

Mrs. De Courcey sat languidly over her toast and tea at a late hour, on the following day, gazing into the fire, and wondering why her rustic protege did not come.

"If I find her really all they have represented," she said to herself, "I will adopt her, and take her to England with me. I have no child of my own"—and the lady sighed deeply—"with whose interests she could interfere, and it may be that her presence would rouse me from this state of apathy into which I am falling. I shall positively grow old and plain, unless I have something to interest myself in."

A low timid knock at the door, interrupted her reverie.

"Come in," she said abruptly.

The door opened, and Justina, neatly dressed in a frock of rose-colored merino, and a white muslin apron, stood upon the threshold. A simple gipsey hat was upon her head,—her hair was smoothly braided in two heavy plaits, and tied with rose-colored ribbons, and her snow white stockings, and jaunty morocco boots, completed a picture which was pleasing in all its details. In her hand she held a bouquet of spring violets, and as she stood with downcast eyes, and a warm color rising to her usually sallow cheek, she was a fine and noble looking, if not a beautiful child.

The lady started, and leaning forward, eyed her curiously. She had expected to see a little rustic maiden, but this child, so prettily dressed, so graceful, though so shy, and with that innate nobility of look and manner—could she be a daughter of those wild New England hills.

Justina looked up, and seeing only a pleased and startled interest in the large blue eyes that were bent upon her, closed the door, and coming forward, offered her modest bouquet with a graceful courtesy.

"I gathered them for you as I came along," she said timidly.

The lady took the flowers, keeping her eyes fixed upon the speaking countenance of the child. She had asked for something to interest and arouse her, and she had found it at last.

"They are very beautiful, my dear," she said kindly. "And you are fond of flowers?"

"Yes—very."

The child raised her eyes as she spoke, and looked straight in the lady's face. What was there in the gaze of those dark orbs, to make the fashionable woman of the world start and tremble, and turn pale?

"Tell me," she exclaimed earnestly—"tell me your name?"

"Justina Erringcourt."

"Erringcourt! Erringcourt! They told me Moore," was the quick reply.

"That is the name of my adopted father," said the child gravely.

"And your mother—what of her?"

"She is dead. She died when I was born. And oh," she added, as a sudden recollection came home to her heart, "this used to be her room,—she went out from it one cold snowy afternoon, and never came back any more."

Yes—it was so. In that room, where the deserted wife had read the fatal letter that drove her forth to die, her child was now standing side by side with the woman on whose account that letter had been written, and who had nearly usurped that mother's place! There are strange meetings in this little world of ours!

The proud Mrs. De Courcey sank back upon her cushions and covered her face with her hands. The spirit of her rival seemed hovering near her, and she shuddered at the thought that the little room might also be fatal to her. Justina started, when she looked up again, to see how pale she was.

"And your father—has he ever seen you?" she asked at last.

"No, madam. I do not even know where my father lives," said Justina, hanging her head with an indefinite sense of shame, as if she was answerable for her father's long silence and neglect.

"Justus Erringcourt's daughter!" murmured Mrs. De Courcey, in a bewildered kind of a way. "I felt it when I first looked into those eyes. Am I never to be free from him? He has haunted me for years, and even here he rises up before me. Get me some water, child," she added, hoarsely—"I am giddy and ill."

She did indeed look so, and Justina ran to obey her. But before she could lift the heavy pitcher, the lady closed her eyes and fainted.

The terrified child sprang to the door and called loudly for help. A fashionable lady's-maid came rushing in, followed by the landlord and his wife, who stood aghast at the sight of their guest lying back upon her cushions, as still as if she had been dead.

"For mercy's sake! what have you been doing to my mistress?" cried the lady's-maid, as she dashed the cold water in her colorless face, and issued rapid orders for salts and burnt feathers.

The child drew her slight figure up in insulted dignity.

"She sent for me, or I should not have come here," she said, haughtily.

At the sound of her voice Mrs. De Courcey opened her eyes.

"Justus," she murmured, "where are you? Oh, take away your child—she has her mother's face!"

Justina started and colored. After a moment's pause she walked towards the door, and, turning to the lady's-maid, said,—

"Tell Mrs. De Courcey I have gone because she is sick. I have not played to her to-day, as she wanted me to. But she can send for me again, if she wants to hear me. My mother was very willing I should come."

"Oh, yes—I'll tell her," said the girl, impatiently. And Justina left the room, and went slowly toward home with head and heart full of strange and new emotions, excited by the peculiar interview just over.

CHAPTER IV.

"STOLEN AWAY!"

For several days Justina waited impatiently for another summons from Mrs. De Courcey. But that lady was intent upon other things than music. Letters had been passing continually between the village and the distant city of New York, and on the evening of the sixth day, a small, crafty, mean-looking man alighted from the stage at the door of the inn, and was shown at once to her room.

She was lying back upon her cushions with her eyes closed, and a deep flush upon her cheeks. But when the new-comer entered, she sprang up with sudden animation and placed both her hands in his.

"I am delighted to see you, Mr. Skelligg," she said, with a bewildering smile. "Because I know you would not be here to-night if you had not some good news for me."

The lawyer brushed his sandy hair from his retreating forehead, and said in a harsh wiry voice, as forbidding as his person—

"Yes, my lady, all has gone well. The cause is decided in your favor, and the other heirs of your late husband have been sent about their business."

"And the whole is given to me?"

"The whole—amounting to the pretty little sum of one hundred and ninety-five thousand dollars," replied the lawyer in a dry business-like tone, as if it was a matter of perfect indifference to him.

The gay widow clapped her hands delightedly.

"I knew that stupid year of wedlock had not been spent in vain! The whole, did you say? I should have been contented with half the sum—but as it is—my dear Mr. Skelligg, you are a perfect angel of a lawyer!"

He let her shake him by the hand again, eyeing her with a sly, sidelong look, the while, as a crafty spider might watch the silly fly, just about entering the net prepared for it. But when he met her eye, the expression of his whole face was changed upon the instant, and he was, to all outward appearance, nothing but the cool, collected, and trustworthy man of business once more.

"And this child of whom you wrote?" he asked, warming his hands at the fire.

The glow and glitter came back to the lady's cheek and eye, at the question.

"She is here—only a little way from the village, and can easily be sent for whenever we want her. She is the child of the man of whom I have spoken to you—the child of Justus Erringcourt."

"The man you loved?"

A deep flush covered the lady's face, as she answered faintly,

"The same."

"And the man, who, after promising to marry you, and making all the preparations for the ceremony, suddenly eloped with the wife of your cousin, and left you to wear the willow?" continued the lawyer, watching her with his hard and pitiless eye.

"Nay—I never wore the willow for him!" cried the lady, lifting her head proudly.

"Pardon me! I had forgotten that your marriage with the rich and old Mr. De Courcey followed close upon his," replied Mr. Skelligg, in a subdued tone. "But how can I assist you about this child?"

"I must have her with me!" said the lady, in feverish haste; "wherever I go, that girl must be with me! And yet, I do not wish it to be known, even here, that I have taken her. Justus Erringcourt must lose all traces of his child, should he attempt to seek her out, and never know that I have adopted her. Do you understand me?"

"Perfectly, Madam."

The lawyer mused for a moment, with his chin in his hand.

"I see only one way," he said, at last. "When can you leave this place?"

"To-morrow night, if need be."

"Your lady's-maid is trustworthy, and will do any errand without gabbling, I take it?"

"Certainly."

"And the road from the village is a lonely one, with but few houses upon it?"

"Yes."

"Then, if you will leave all things to me, and promise not to interfere with the matter by word or deed, or question me, I will guarantee that the child shall accompany us to-morrow night, and no one be the wiser. Do you promise?"

"There is my hand upon it."

They shook hands; and Mr. Skelligg left the lady to her repose, while he refreshed himself, after his journey, with a quiet supper.

Early on the following morning, Justina called her dog, and set out on a long walk. The elasticity of the spring was in the joyous bounding of her step and the gay carol she sang. Yet when she reached the point upon her father's farm where four roads met, and gazed down the one that led to the village, a wistful look came over her face, and the sweet song died upon her lips.

"Miss Justina seems thoughtful this morning!" said a strange voice behind her.

She started and turned around. The gay lady's-maid of Mrs. De Courcey, was leaning against a tree near by, with a dark camlet cloak wrapped around her.

She burst into a hearty fit of laughter, as she saw the look of unqualified astonishment the child turned upon her.

"I like an early walk as well as you, my dear," she said, quietly. "Can you read writing, Miss Justina?"

"Of course I can," said the child proudly. "Then there is something my mistress told me to give to no one but you," said the girl, delivering a little rose-colored note, sealed with perfumed wax, and addressed in her name.

Justina looked at it delightedly. It was the first letter she had ever received in her life—and every one knows what a sensation such an event creates in a child's heart. Besides, the letter was so fairy-like, in size and texture, so redolent of delicacy and refinememt, that it was a pleasure to one like her, whose instincts and perceptions were so fine, and whose surroundings had always been so coarse, merely to hold it in her hand.

But Miss Sophie, the lady's-maid, was in a hurry and could not stop to analyze such feelings.

"My lady expects a verbal answer, and charged me not to stay long," she said at last.

Justina started as from a dream, and broke the seal. And this was what she read:

> "MY DEAR CHILD—I am going away from this place to-morrow night, on my way to England. I shall be very busy through the day, and cannot see you, but if you will be on the road that leads over the mountain, at seven in the evening, my carriage shall stop and I will say good-bye. A large elm tree, with a hollow trunk, grows just beside the road—wait for us there.
>
> "Say nothing of this, however, to your good mother—will you remember? There are reasons why you should not, which I will tell you when I see you. You can easily make some excuse for your absence.
>
> "Good-bye, dear child. Do not fail to meet me at the time appointed, for I shall see your father when I reach England, and shall want to tell him of the little daughter he has never seen.
>
> "Once more—not a word of this meeting to *any one*. Remember."

It might, perhaps, have been a dangerous experiment—such a note as this, placed in the hands of another child, so young; but Mrs. De Courcey was well read in human nature, and was rarely deceived in the few persons she trusted. She had read mental strength and energy in the child's high, broad brow, and courage and determination in the glance of her dark gray eyes. And knowing how intensely she longed to see her absent father, she felt assured that she would not betray her.

Justina looked up from the note with sparkling eyes.

"At seven in the evening. It will be dark, and there is no moon—but never mind—I know the roads, and I am not afraid. Tell the lady that I will be there, if you please, and that I thank her a thousand times for not forgetting me."

"And you will be sure to say nothing to nobody," said Sephie, warningly.

"Do you think I do not know how to hold my tongue?" said the child, indignantly. "Say that I will be there."

She turned away with the air of a young princess, leaving Sophie lost in admiration.

"Well, to be sure!" she exclaimed, gazing after her, as she frolicked with Curly along the road home, "blood will out. I overheard my mistress saying she was a gentleman's child, and I begin to believe it now. What a look she gave me! 'Say that I will be there!' She's as high and mighty with me as my mistress herself! Well, well—we shall see what we shall see, if everything goes right. I am thankful though I don't know what my mistress and Mr. Skelligg are about. I do their errands as a wooden image might, without understanding them—and if any harm comes out of them—why, I am very sure I'm not to be blamed."

And with this consoling reflection, Miss Sophie hurried home to report progress.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

LINES.

As distant lands beyond the sea,
When friends go thence, draw nigh,
So Heaven, when friends have thither gone,
Draws nearer from the sky.

And as those lands the dearer grow,
When friends are long away,
So Heaven itself, through loved ones dead,
Grows dearer day by day.

Heaven is not far from those who see
With the pure spirit's sight,
But near, and in the very hearts
Of those who see aright.

January, 1857. C. D. STUART.

IMPORTANT FACTS.

The great fault in the present day, especially where young ladies are educated, is, that there is no recreation! It is true the girls are allowed, perhaps, for half an hour to walk arm in arm round a narrow plot of ground—being less indulgence and freedom than is granted to the very felons in our jails—but as for recreation, amusement, exercise, it exists only in the name; these poor creatures, huddled together in rooms ill ventilated, and left only for the hastily swallowed meals, are kept all day poring over books they can ill understand; the nervous system consequently becomes debilitated and irritable, and, as the physical energies are impaired, so does the mental vigor correspondingly decline; whereas had half the time usually alotted for study been well employed and judiciously directed, and *some hours* in the day devoted to healthful sports and recreation in pure air, the impressions traced on the memory instead of being faint would be permanent, and health, happiness, and knowledge, would be substituted for sickness, misery and disgust, and apathetic indifference. The fact also appears too common, that they are not taught to reflect or reason—nothing is done to raise the standard of the mind, to form the judgment; they are compelled to amass facts and out-weary the memory, but the analysis of these facts, and the just comparison of them with each other, are generally totally neglected.

THE DUTIES OF YOUTH.

The first year of man must make provision for the last. He that never thinks, never can be wise. Perpetual levity ends in ignorance; and intemperance, though it may fire the spirits for an hour, will make life short and miserable. Let us consider that youth is of no long duration, and that in mature age, when the enchantments of fancy shall cease, and phantoms of delight dance no more about us, we shall have no comforts but the esteem of wise men, and the means of doing good; let us, therefore, stop, while to stop is in our power; let us live as men who are sometime to grow old, and to whom it will be the most dreadful of all to count their past years by follies, and to be reminded of their former luxuriance of health only by the maladies which riot has produced.

ADVICE TO A DAUGHTER.

"I cannot forbear pointing out to you, my dearest child," said a distinguished statesman to his daughter, "the great advantages that will result from a temperate conduct and sweetness of manner to all people, on all occasions. Never forget that you are a woman; all your words and actions should make you gentle. I never heard your mother—your dear, good mother—say a harsh or hasty thing to any person in my life. Endeavor to imitate her. I am quick and hasty in my temper; but, my darling, it is a misfortune which, not having been sufficiently restrained in my youth, has caused me inexpressible pain. It has given me more trouble to subdue this impetuosity than anything I ever undertook."

ERROR.—The mixture of one error with much truth adulterates the whole: as the chalice of pure liquid is rendered dangerous by the infusion of a drop of poison. We should therefore beware of all error, however slight and inconsiderable it may appear. One error may soon lead to a hundred—ay, to a thousand.

AFFECTATION.—The affected of every country nearly resemble each other. Paltry affectation, strained allusions, and disgusting finery, are easily attained by those who choose to wear them; they are but too frequently the badges of ignorance or stupidity, whenever it would endeavor to please.

MANKIND may be divided into three classes: those who do what is right from principle; those who act from appearances; and those who act from impulse.

A WINTER SONG.

BY C. D. STUART.

O, a fairy sight, of a winter night,
Is the face of the snow-clad field,
Where the flakelets gleam, in the moon's pale beam,
Like the scales on a silver shield;
How the frost-sprites dance in their crystal cells,
And the merry tongues of the merry bells,
Cry, come out to-night,
By the moon's pale light,
And away through the snow-clad field!

O, a fairy sight, of a winter night,
Is the sheen of the window pane,
When the Frost-King builds his wizard halls,
And holds for the hour his reign;
How the castle walls and the turrets high,
And the banners flouting the winter sky,
Cry, keep in to-night,
Where the fire beams bright,
Out of doors let the Frost-King reign!

O, the snow-clad field, and the Frost-King's shield,
They are rare of a winter night,
And we'll sing their praise in our roundelays,
By our hearth-fires blazing bright;
Let the frost-sprites dance where the moon-beams play.
And the Frost-King build 'till the break of day,
We'll cling to the hearth,
Where there's fire and mirth,
While the Frost-King rules the winter night.

THE FOUR TRAVELERS.

BY ALICE CARY.

The night had shut in with snow, and by nine o'clock the wind which drove gustily from wood to meadow, and from meadow to wood, had piled a great drift against the door of a small tavern, where sat three men around as bright a wood fire as ever, with its red sparkles, drove away the thoughts of a black and stormy night.

The snow was of that fine and flinty quality which strikes against the traveler's face like needles, and the wind of that prying and familiar description that ruffles and tumbles hair and garments, turns umbrellas inside out, and causes the luckless wayfarer to peep about him for the friendly glimmer of some wayside light.

Our travelers were therefore nothing surprised when the door opened and a stranger entered. He was a little pale-faced man, with a quiet look; and having placed his small bundle noiselessly on the floor, and brushed the snow from his thin cloak, he advanced toward the landlord and inquired in a voice singularly sweet and modest, whether he could be accommodated with lodging.

"No!" answered the host, in a tone meant perhaps to be only decided, but which was in reality rude, greatly beyond the requirement of denial, for in truth he liked not the threadbare garments and altogether unpromising appearance of the stranger—besides, his entrance had interrupted a charming story which one of the three accommodated travelers was relating.

"I suppose your little tavern is already crowded," said the pale, little stranger, speaking sweetly and modestly as before, "and I ought to have known better than to intrude—pardon me, my good friend;" and stepping toward the candle, which shone across the well-spread table, he took from his pocket a lank purse, and with one hand shook out of it half a dozen pieces of silver into the palm of the other. The frozen expression about the landlord's mouth began to thaw into something like a smile, as he said,—

"Perhaps, if one of my guests should consent to share his bed, I might manage;" and the gentlemen at the fire began to draw back their chairs, so as to widen the circle.

Not heeding these friendly premonitions, however, the stranger selected the price of a night's lodging and supper, and presented it to the landlord, saying, "I looked through your window, my good sir, and in imagination warmed at your fire, and feasted at your table—take what I owe you, for though you blessed me unaware, I am none the less your debtor."

And having said this, he closed the door softly, and stepped out into the snow. The landlord sat down, grim and troubled—the candle began to grow dim, and the fire which a little while before had blazed so high and so bright, to fall together and darken.

"I wish the young man had cursed me," said the uneasy landlord, breaking silence, at last, "instead of leaving me this silver;" and rising with abrupt energy, he threw the money out into the snow, as if the holding of it burnt his hands.

"I can appreciate your feeling, my dear sir," said one of the three travelers, unbuttoning his great coat and drawing a long breath, as if to relieve himself of some troublesome thoughts. Then stirring the fire, he answered the looks of inquiry directed toward him by saying, "One stormy night like this, when I was a lad somewhere about ten years old, there was a knocking at the door, and I ran to open it, supposing I knew who was coming, for we lived in a secluded country neighborhood, and were not likely, especially after night, to see strangers. When, therefore, I saw by the light of the candle I held in my hand, a tall, gaunt fellow, with great black eyes, hugging a rifle within one arm, and a knapsack in the other, I drew back with a manner that was unmistakeable—the stranger grinned, and there was a smothered titter in the circle about the fire. My first glance at the stranger, as he stepped within the door, was one of flushed and fiery indignation. He returned it with a respectful nod, but there were some twitches about the corners of his mouth that showed me how much he enjoyed my confusion.

"He proved to be an adventurer—a yovng back-woodsman in search of his fortune, which he hoped to find as the 'hired man' of some farmer. The night was as wild as this, and it was soon agreed that the young man should remain with us till morning, and his proposition meanwhile be held under consideration.

"During the evening I was the object of many a satirical shaft—and the young man, whose Christian name was Bartlett, suggested that I was admirably calculated to hunt bears. To keep a steady eye upon one of them critters, he said, and step backward from him, just as I had retreated from himself, was the true way to cow them down.

"You may imagine that my first prejudice against him was deepened considerably by this and kindred allusions, and that I parted from him for the night with feelings bordering very closely upon hatred. I lay awake, I remember, trying to compose a challenge, and selecting from among my school-mates a boy who I thought would have courage enough to present it. To make the story short—my father hired the man—he was to perform such farm labor, errands and chores as were required of him, and to receive for a term of three months of this sort of service twenty-five dollars, having also his board and washing, but that's neither here nor there. For the life of me I could not overcome my first dislike, but it softened somewhat, and I delayed my revenge indefinitely.

"The first week of Bartlett's apprenticeship I was busy most of the time in a small shop adjoining the stable, where harness and tools of various kinds were kept, in an attempt to make a hand-sled—which was the greatest object of my boyish ambition. Once or twice, when Bartlett stopped at the door, I slammed it in his face, and by other little attentions of the same nature gave him to understand that any amicable relations betwixt him and me was altogether out of the question.

"At last the sled, a rude and clumsy affair, was completed, and hung up on a peg opposite the door.

"After supper I went to view my treasure once more, and to persuade myself that it was better than it was, for I had not equalled my expectations, and was very much dissatisfied, notwithstanding my efforts to the contrary.

"What was my surprise and indignation to find Bartlett curiously examining my clumsy mechanism?

"My first impulse was to shut and lock the door, and having once done it, I was ashamed to undo my work, but went suddenly to the house, resolved that I would return when it was quite dark and set my prisoner at liberty. The key of the padlock was still in my hand when I entered the house, and for the need of doing something I slipped it over my finger, and began swinging it about. Naturally enough, I lost control of it presently—it flew across the room and hit my father in the face—he quietly put it in his pocket, and sent me to bed in disgrace. I might have slept on the rack as well—not once did I close my eyes, and such fearful imaginations as haunted me, heaven grant I may never be troubled with again.

"The night was intensely cold—the work-shop was open, and in the best winter weather decidedly uncomfortable—perhaps Bartlett would freeze to death! The more I thought of it the more likely it seemed to me that he would; then, of course, I would be taken to prison, and in the end either have my head cut off, or be hanged! I wished I had never been born; I wished I had never seen Bartlett, and, above all things, I wished I had not locked him up in the workshop! That night was so long, I thought I could have walked around the world before the first glimpse of daylight. Be sure I was up at cock-crowing time, and at the door of the workshop a minute thereafter, trembling in every limb. I listened, but not a sound could I hear. Bartlett was, no doubt, past making any noise. At length fear lent me courage, and I called—no answer; then I knocked and shouted—still no reply. At last I fell on my knees and wrung my hands, and prayed with all my might. The cold was certainly very intense, and my cheeks were stiff, as with the whitening daylight I pressed my face against the cracks of the door, to see if I could discover the corpse of Bartlett.

"Presently my eye began to distinguish objects, and it was not long in fixing itself upon one—not Bartlett, but the most workman-like and beautiful new sled imaginable, hung up in the close neighborhood of my poor and unsatisfactory one.

"While I stood lost in wonder and admiration, I heard a footstep, and turning round, stood face to face with Bartlett, who, safe and sound, was coming into the barn-yard to attend to his morning work. He seemed not to observe me particularly, but went about his chores as if nothing had happened.

"Shame, mortification, and sorrow weighed me to the earth, and in spite of the desperate effort I made to divert myself, by picking the burs from the tails of the oxen, I finally burst into tears.

"'Why bless me, my little man, what is the matter? Are you freezing?' exclaimed Bartlett, approaching me; and dropping from beneath his arms two bundles of oat-straw, which he carried preparatory to feeding the sheep, he began to chafe my hands, while he bent over me in the tenderest and most affectionate manner.

"'I am not freezing, Bartlett,' I sobbed at last. 'I am crying because you worked in the cold and made me such a nice sled, and after I had locked you up, too!'

"'O never mind the locking up,' said Bartlett; 'if I never have a worse jailor I may thank my stars—but come, let us try the new sled!' and bringing it out of the workshop (he had the key in his pocket) he placed me, together with the two bundles of straw upon it, and away he ran, dragging me after him, down the hollow, and up the hill to the sheep-pasture, my fine new sled dividing flocks of gobbling turkeys and gabbling geese, as we went.

"After that you may be sure that Bartlett never did the morning chores alone; and ultimately the mortising of the sled was not more firm than that which joined our hearts."

"How did he escape from your prison?" asked one of the three travelers, with a peculiar expression of face which showed that some secret feeling of his own had found sympathy.

"Ah, I forgot that," replied the story-teller—"in one end of the workshop there was a window not much higher from the ground than a man's head, from which I always supposed he let himself down; I never really knew, for the subject was one which I was very careful not to revive. I would give a great deal to see Bartlett now;" musingly concluded the traveler. It must be twenty-five years since we parted; but I have the little sled at home in a state of perfect perservation."

"Ha ha," laughed the third traveler, who had hitherto sat silent in the dimmest corner. I am very glad to hear it, sir, for I considered it quite a triumph of ingenious workmanship, at the time; especially in view of the circumstances under which I wrought—my only light being manufactured from a rag and cup of grease, previously used for brightening up the harness!" As he finished speaking, he arose and shook hands with the story-teller so heartily, that all present must have recognized by it the generous maker of the sled; even without the confirmation of words.

The landlord punched the fire with terrible energy, and having turned toward it, back and face repeatedly, said as he hastily drew on his overcoat—"its no use!—all the fire in the world could not make one warm while that poor young man is out in this miserable storm." And opening the door without more ado, he dashed out into the night and the snow.

"Your story reminds me," said the second traveler, "of an early experience of my own which has probably had a greater influence on my life and character than any other single event of my life, but the confession involves a degree of guilt on my part which I might well shrink from, were I not sure that it links itself to no similar transgression anywhere along my subsequent life."

"Your face sufficiently attests that," remarked the old sled-maker, encouragingly, and the third traveler went on: "When I was about thirteen years old there came to live in our neighborhood a rich man—a General Brown. He had wife, children, and servants—horses, carriages, and dogs; but of these I have more especially to do with two—one of the daughters—a beautiful and saucy little girl of ten years—and one of the dogs—a beautiful and saucy little puppy—the latter, the property of the former.

"I was a poor boy, but independent in disposition, and perhaps from a sense of disadvantage, a little insolent in bearing—especially towards my superiors. It happened that I passed General Brown's house twice every day as I went to, and returned from school, and this little puppy barked at me regularly, morning and night, with a degree of malignity which I construed into a pointed insult from the whole family—especially from Miss Jenny, the mistress of the offending puppy. She was often in the door-yard, and it appeared to me that she took pleasure in the belligerent manifestations of her favorite. One day when he flew at me with unusual demonstration of ill will I shook my fist in his face, which so angered him that he followed me some distance down the road snapping at my heels. Seeing that Miss Jenny was watching us from the grass-plot, and apparently enjoying my retreat, I picked up a sharp stone, and sent it at the yonng tiger with such force as to send him back limping. Truth is, I construed the ill-manners of the puppy into an insult from all the members of General Brown's family, as before remarked.

"The spirit of Pet, for so his mistress called him, was not at all subdued by the blow I had given him; on the contrary, I found him more troublesome than before, and once when he took me at disadvantage and startled me into a betrayal of fright by growling suddenly at my heels, his pretty little mistress clapped her hands in a most provoking way.

"That day I determined on revenge, and it was not long in coming—I stole the dog, and sent him out of the neighborhood! Two years afterwards he was brought to me, as noble a specimen of his species as ever was seen. He soon grew very fond of me, and I, notwithstanding my old dislike, came to believe he was the best and bravest creature in the world.

"I had seen Jenny Brown a great many times, meanwhile, for as she rode in her carriage to the academy, and I walked behind to the district school at much about the same hour, it not unfrequently happened that we met, but we had never bestowed upon one another so much as a recognizing glance.

"When the weather was unusually fine, Jenny would sometimes walk home in the evening. Upon one of these occasions, and by one of those ordinations that mete out justice to us all, my dog, that I had named Snarler, in remembrance of his old tricks, flew at the little girl and bit one of her hands severely. Forthwith he was reported mad, and the indignation of the whole neighborhood was directed, not only against my dog, but against myself—'What business had the little rascal to keep such an ugly great brute, at any rate?' was the general exclamation. Some went so far as to say it was a pity it had not been me who was bitten instead of the dear little girl, while others declared that they only waited the opportunity of setting their own dogs upon me. Poor Snarler had to pay with his life for his bad behavior. In vain I plead for him—in vain I proposed to confine him, so that he could do no further harm, for I could not at first be persuaded that my brave and beautiful favorite was really mad. Public opinion ran against me with such desperation, however, that I was forced to yield, and indeed my own fears were so wrought upon by reports of Jenny's critical condition, that I would scarcely have objected to lay my head on the block. My apprehensions were carried up to the point of distraction almost, when I learned that the great Dr. ——, who lived fifty miles distant from General Brown's, had been sent for to visit his daughter. Night after night I lay awake, and I cannot think the sufferings of any martyr who ever felt the fire wrapping about him a sheet of flame, can have exceeded what I endured.

There was one reflection of peculiar bitterness in the circumstances—I had stolen the dog! then, too, by causing him to forget his mistress, I was the occasion of his biting her, and so the direct instrument of bringing her to the most horrible of deaths.

If there had been in the neighborhood a confessor to whom I might have gone with the terrible truth that was pressing the very life out of me, it would have been the greatest imaginable relief, but with that awful secret stifled in my heart, it seemed to me that I must die. When it was told me one day that Gen. Brown had just driven up to the door of our house, in his carriage, I positively trembled with agitation and fright—and even after he had shaken hands and spoken kindly with me, I could not help fearing he had a hangman's rope concealed beneath his cloak.

"He came, simply, to ascertain our opinion as to whether the dog was mad or not, and also to assure me of his deep interest in me, and sympathy for me. 'Suppose you ride over with me,' he said, when he was about to take leave; "it would doubtless be a great relief and comfort to Jenny to hear you, yourself express the belief that the dog was not mad.'

"I was an awkward youth, and my embarrassment rendered any sensible apology utterly out of the question, and if the General had asked me to accompany him to London, I must have done so.

"Through a great hall, and up a wide staircase I was conducted, seeing nothing distinctly, but feeling almost overborne by a dim consciousness of magnificence, and thence into a room of such luxurious elegance of furnishing, as might, I thought at the time, befit a queen. There, reclining on a low bed, pale almost as her white dress, was the unfortunate Jenny. She lifted herself up when she saw me, and, reaching forth her hand, smiled so sweetly as to make my evil doing seem darker than it had ever seemed till then. I thought she was an angel, and I a devil, and resolved that I would not add hypocrisy to my other wickedness. I stript off the mask the first moment I found myself alone with her, and showed myself in all my evil deformity. Hearing the footstep of her father approaching, she hurriedly, and with a look of sweet trouble in her face, lifted up one little white hand, whispering at the same time the softest of hushes! There was something in the tone and the manner that unlocked a deeper deep in my heart than had ever been touched before—something that said as plainly as words could have said it—'don't let father know how bad you are—I don't care anything about it.'

"A secret of any sort between two young persons is dangerous—we found this one of ours so, extremely, for it led to another one before long, the revealing of which would have been the spoiling of all our happiness. When Jenny was fifteen, we were engaged, Mrs. Gen. Brown's decision to the contrary notwithstanding. She had brought her husband a good deal of money, and though she had chosen a man with no fortune whatever, she was violently opposed to having her daughter follow the example she set. What the result was you can all guess—we stole away one rainy midnight, and at sunrise were man and wife; and Jenny, God bless her, notwithstanding the bite of the dog, has never to my knowledge been mad for a single instant."

"And were the old folks ever reconciled?" asked the first traveler.

"Heaven only knows,"—replied the happy husband. I have never seen the face of either of them since—but I have no doubt that our runaway match was the best thing that could have happened—it threw me upon my own energies; fortune smiled, and I rather think," concluded our traveler, leaning back in his chair complacently, "that I could buy Gen. Brown's grand estate today, without much inconvenience to myself!"

"And his good will you always had," exclaimed the old sled-maker, coming out of the shadow in which from the beginning of the story he had been sitting, and shaking hands as heartily as he had done with the first traveler. "How is Jenny? how is my little runaway?—bless her dear soul!"

Tears were in the old man's eyes, as he spoke, but neither of the younger travelers thought them incompatible with the dignity of his grey beard, as they fell and glistened upon it.

At this juncture there was a great stamping at the door, aud the next instant it opened and our host entered, followed by the little pale man, smiling at the good fortune which had overtaken him. If the storm howled after that, nobody heard it, and four more genial travelers never sat down to a good supper with better appetite, than did those we write of, and never landlord brushed the cobwebs from old wine-bottles with a readier hand, than did our host of the wayside tavern.

"THE PAUPER'S GRAVE."

BY TAMAR ANNE KERMODE.

No marble shelters the lowly mound,
From the heat of the noontide's ray;
No willows bend their graceful heads,
Above his lifeless clay
No evergreens grow near the spot,
No flowers their perfume shed;
But weeds in wild luxuriance trail,
O'er his gloomy narrow bed.

No gentle hand a wreath e'er weaves,
To place upon his tomb;
No roses o'er him cast their leaves,
No blossoms for him bloom.
Unconscious and calm he sleeps within
His poor neglected grave;
His griefs and cares he buried deep,
'Neath oblivion's silent wave.

Stately columns mark each place where rests
The rich and honored dead;
Inscribed with virtues which around
Their names a halo shed.
But the pauper lies unknown, unloved,
While o'er him the weeds grow wild;
Yet God forgets not the resting-place
Of poverty's humble child.

Baltimore, Md., Feb. 4th, 1857.

THE CORNISH LOVERS.

A young gentleman and lady of ancient and honorable houses in Cornwall had, from their childhood, entertained for each other a generous and noble passion, which had been long opposed by their friends, by reason of the inequality of their fortunes; but their constancy to each other, and obedience to those on whom they depended, wrought so much upon their relations, that these celebrated lovers were at length joined in marriage. Soon after the nuptials, the bridegroom was obliged to go into a foreign country, to take care of a considerable fortune, which was left him by a relation, and came very opportunely to improve their moderate circumstances. They received the congratulations of all the country on this occasion; and it was a common sentence in every one's mouth, "You see how faithful love is rewarded."

He took this agreeable voyage, and sent home every post fresh accounts of his success in his affairs abroad; but at last, though he designed to return by the next ship, he lamented, in his letters, that "business would detain him some time longer from home," because he would give himself the pleasure of an unexpected arrival.

The young lady, after the heat of the day, walked every evening on the sea-shore, near which she lived, with a familiar friend, her husband's kinswoman, and diverted herself with what objects they met there, or upon discourses of the future methods of life, in the happy change of their circumstances. They stood one evening on the shore together in a perfect tranquility, observing the setting of the sun, the calm face of the deep, and the silent heaving of the waves, which gently rolled towards them, and broke at their feet; when at a distance her kinswoman saw something float on the waters, which she fancied was a chest; and with a smile told her "she saw it first, and if it came ashore full of jewels, she had a right to it." They both fixed their eyes upon it, and entertained themselves with the subject of the wreck, the cousin still asserting her right; but promising, "if it was a prize, to give her a very rich coral for her child, provided she might be god-mother." Their mirth soon abated, when they observed, upon the nearer approach, that it was a human body. The young lady, who had a heart naturally filled with pity and compassion, made many melancholy reflections upon the occasion. "Who knows," says she, "but this may be the only hope and heir of a wealthy house; the darling of indulgent parents, who are now in impertinent mirth, and pleasing themselves with the thoughts of offering him a bride they have got ready for him? or, may he not be the master of a family that wholly depended upon his life? There may, for aught we know, be half-a-dozen fatherless children, and a tender wife, now exposed to poverty by his death. What pleasure might he have promised himself in the different welcome he was to have from her and them! But let us go away; it is a dreadful sight! The best office we can do, is to take care that the poor man, whoever he is, may be decently buried." She turned away, when a wave threw the carcass on the shore. The kinswoman immediately shrieked out, "Oh, my cousin!" and fell upon the ground. The unhappy wife went to help her friend, when she saw her own husband at her feet, and dropped in a swoon upon the body. An old woman, who had been the gentleman's nurse, came out about this time to call the ladies in to supper, and found her child, as she always called him, dead on the shore, her mistress and kinswoman both lying dead by him. Her loud lamentations, and calling her young master to life, soon awaked the friend from her trance; but the wife was gone forever.

SMILING.

Nothing on earth can smile but *man!*—BEECHER.

Now that's what I call a downright—falsification. Mr. Beecher is a distinguished clergyman, I know; but still the writer peremptorily *denies* that man is the only creature on earth that can smile!

In all Mr. Beecher's travels and adventures has he *never* chanced to behold a *woman?* and has *no woman ever smiled upon him?* Alas for him! if this be so; for then has he missed that for which all his fame, were it five hundred times greater than it is, would be *well* bartered.

G. H.

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THE great secret in the accomplishment of our wishes, is the ability to avail ourselves of the most favorable opportunities.

A YOUNG LADY ON COUNTRY AND CITY LIFE.

"God made the country, and man made the town." Yes, it was a true saying. I turn from these noisy streets, and sigh, with an ineffable sense of weariness, for the quiet of a village home.

I have a home—or rather an abiding place, in a quiet country town. It is not my home—as the word is commonly used—not the home of my father and mother, and the place where I was born. It is a boarding place for the summer, and yet, so often have I lingered there for months, that it has become inseparably connected with my plans for the future, and seems a part of me.

And how great a difference a simple change of scene may make in one human life. How poor and paltry seem the delights of the city, when I read the daily papers, (nearly a week old before they reach here,) in that quiet nook. What care I for balls and operas, or concerts, as I sit there beneath the shade of the maple-trees, with my lap full of fresh sweet flowers? And yet—as I walk up and down Broadway, these are the things that occupy my mind, and I am trying to recall some favorite strain I have heard, till the sight of a bouquet in the window of a saloon, or a sudden breath of fresh air sweeping through the city from the river, sets me dreaming of the country, and makes me long to stand upon its hills once more. Here, as the great metropolis begins to wake from its uneasy sleep, I turn restlessly on my pillow, and think what a bore getting up is. Once up, after innumerable delays, I make an attempt at a walk, which generally fails, and come home. At breakfast—no appetite—dinner ditto—and the day is ended at Taylor's or Thompson's. Then, when the gas is lit, and every one begins to saunter towards the places of amusement, I enter my box at the opera, and listen, sleepily, to Italian I cannot understand, even with the aid of the libretto. Home again, after the opera is over, to read lazily till the clock strikes twelve, and then lie down again to troubled dreams.

But in the country, how different. There, full of health and spirits, I spring from my bed at earliest dawn, and taking a draught of new and unadulterated milk, foaming from the pail, start off for a walk of some four miles, over hills and valleys wet with the morning dew. No lack of appetite then at breakfast-time. The plain country fare seems delicious, and memories of game suppers fade into oblivion before the new brown bread and delicious butter. The day is long and warm, and yet in that cool and pleasant "study" how much can be accomplished! A vision comes up before me now, and I see my table and easy chair drawn up before the open window—I see myself leaning back, pen in hand, and with a half-smile upon my lips, gazing dreamily at the beautiful prospect. I see my dogs at play beside a certain "goose-pond" which is never dry, while my gray-and-white kitten eyes them composedly from a log of wood near by, and now and then puts up her little paw, to give them a friendly pat. I hear the mowers at work, in the fields beyond, whetting their scythes, and talking cheerfully. I hear the rattling of a wagon, and see the brown horse, old "Deborah," coming slowly up the hill; and as the vision fades away, I look out upon brick walls and muddy streets, and sigh that I am here.

And twilight—night within that quiet study! The deepening hush, as the darkness gathers over all arouud—the chirping of frogs, the lowing of cows, and the faint twittering of birds, dying by degrees, as the young moon rises in the east—the moonlight shining in upon the floor, and making long and fantastic shadows on the hill—the favorite ballad or song, coming from lips I love—the long and quiet talk with dear friends—the parting good night—the caress given to my dogs, and their playmate, the kitten—the calm and healthful sleep, watched only by the lovely moon—are not these delights well worth the winning? Mine they have been, and mine they shall be again. Who, after a brief time spent in this great city, would not gladly fly to a spot like this? Who would not resign, for a time, this life of tumult, and grow young again, in the cool seclusion of a home like mine. Oh dwellers in the city, during the long, hot summer months that are to come—I pity you. Not for a crown of diamonds would I exchange my place for yours.

N. C.

FIRST AND LAST LOVE.

The love of Candlemas or June
Flows from the same celestial springs,
Just as we play the self-same tune
Upon a thousand different strings.

And they who tell us love can die,
Because its early dream is lost,
Are wrong,—its immortality
Shows clearest when its hopes are crossed.

ALICE CARY.

WHAT MAKES OLD MAIDS AND BACHELORS.

We will paint a picture—one in which the lights and shades appear strong, perhaps, but which every one will recognise as not outraging the truth of nature. There are two houses built side by side. In the one dwells a widow and her daughter, fair, light-hearted, the sunshine of her mother's declining years, but, alas! not rich. With all the affectionate instincts of a woman's heart, with all the capabilities to create happiness in a man's house, she remains unseen and unchosen. As time passes on, she gradually deepens into old-maidism. Where once she was heard singing about the home, like Una making a sunshine in the shady place, her voice is now heard shrill in complaint; parrots and cats accumulate, taking the place of a more human love, and her words are those of sharp reproof and spite against those very instincts of maternity which have been so long the master-spirit of her thoughts. Her affections after in vain throwing themselves out to seek some sympathetic answer, turn in with bitterness upon her own heart, and she remains that most melancholy of all spectacles—a nature with aspirations unfulfilled. In the next house, lives a bachelor—young, open-hearted, and generous. Busied in the struggle of life, he has perhaps no time for parties; he sees little of society, the female portion of it especially; a knowledge of his own brusqueness of manners at first prevents him from coming in contact with womankind, and this shyness in time becomes so strong as not to be overcome. It might seem strange, but we are convinced it is the fact, that some men are much more afraid of women than women are of men, and fearing "to break the ice" is a fruitful cause of old bachelorism. Gradually age grows upon him, chalk stones gather in his knuckles, gout seizes hold of his toes; served by menials, he is a stranger to the soft and careful hand of affection; and he goes to the grave, his death not only unlamented but absolutely rejoiced over by his heir-at-law. A wall of but six inches thick has all this time divided these two people. Society does not allow them even a chink, which, like Pyramus and Thisbe, they might whisper through, although by nature they might have been formed to make a happy couple, instead of two miserable units.

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THEORY is continually the precursor of truth; we must pass through the twilight and its shadows, to arrive at the full and perfect light of day.

NEW YORK LEDGER

ROBERT BONNER, Editor and Proprietor.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 14.

Our only terms.—Single copies, $2 per annum; two copies, $3; four copies, $6; eight copies, $12; Postmasters and others who get up clubs can afterwards add single copies at $1,50. The party who sends us $12 for a club of eight copies, (all sent at one time,) will be entitled to a copy *free.* It will be useless for parties to write us insisting on our taking large clubs at lower rates. An elegant family paper like the Ledger, (containing no advertisements,) cannot be afforded at less than these terms. We do not want any clubs formed in towns where there are news-offices established. Terms, invariably in advance. No subscriptions taken for a less period than one year.

SPECIAL CONTRIBUTORS.

FANNY FERN,	**SYLVANUS COBB, JR.,**
EMERSON BENNETT,	**ALICE CARY,**
MRS. SIGOURNEY,	**MARY STANLY GIBSON,**
MRS. VAUGHAN,	**OLIVER SINCLAIR.**

In addition to the above unequalled array of distinguished authors, we are favored with occasional contributions from scores of other popular writers, as will be seen by reference to our columns from week to week.

OUR NEW VOLUME.

We commence our new volume this week under more flattering and prosperous circumstances than ever fell to the lot of any newspaper publisher. This, we know, is saying a great deal; but the facts warrant the assertion. We are also aware that a vast—an almost inconceivable responsibility, rests on the shoulders of the man who controls the columns of a paper having such an immense circulation. It is our constant endeavor to realize that responsibility, and to allow nothing to appear in our colums that has not a positively healthy and beneficent influence. Infinitely rather would we cease publishing the Ledger to-day, than permit an indelicate thought to sully the purity of its columns; for what, after all, does success—an unequalled success even—amount to, if it is not accompanied by the knowledge that it affords him who achieves it an opportunity to do good—to benefit his race? and of all secular callings, professions or businesses, what can be more calculated to do good than to create and foster a taste for a pure and healthy literature? But, enough of this. Suffice it to say, that the present volume of the Ledger will even excel the one that has just been completed. New and eminent contributors, whose names will shortly be announced, have been engaged; and everything that the liberal expenditure of money could do to make A GREAT AND A GOOD PAPER has been done.

A year ago, (at the commencement of our last volume,) Fanny Fern sent us a kindly word of cheer, in a characteristic paragraph, predicting for the Ledger a success unprecedented in the annals of journalism. The fact that the friendly prophecy of this distinguished lady has been signally fulfilled, gives increased value to her prediction below, of still greater triumphs for the volume which we begin with this number. It may, perhaps, by some be deemed egotistical in us to publish an article so complimentary to ourselves; but, we can't help that, as we never think of cutting down, or even altering a word in Fanny Fern's articles.

The Past and the Future of the Ledger.

"Nothing venture, nothing have;"—to which *I* would add: nothing venture, nothing *deserve.* "I can't," is no motto for Robert Bonner. The audacity of the man bridges over chasms, before which timidity and irresolution cower and shrink; nor, when they see him safe on the other side, rotund and jocund, can they believe it is not all hocus-pocus. But "facts"—as Grandgrind says—"facts!" His subscription list, which last year amounted to forty thousand, now numbers *two hundred and seventy thousand!* This is pretty substantial proof of the success of one, whose word is not only "as good as his bond," but what is rarer in these times, sometimes *better than a bond.*

If spurious imitations are proofs of the genuine coin, this testimony also, is not wanting to the success of The New York Ledger. With this spontaneous tribute, I predict for its audacious and liberal Editor, another and still more successful year.

Fanny Fern.

UNDER THE SEA.

What wonders are these—what mysteries! Ruins of the wrecks of ages. Argosies and fleets—the wealth of kingdoms—the hero with his ambition, and the coward with his terrors. The leviathan is there, and many marvellous living things. Mountains of coral and valleys of pearl, are there. Caverns of darkness and halls of light—spaces of gloom and spaces of splendor. More than has entered into the imagination of man, of grandeur and magnificence, is out there, under the sea. Let the storm lift its wings and smite the face of the deep—let the waves rush and roar, beating the cliffs with muffled thunders, shaking the firm earth, still all is calm, and wierd, and beautiful down there, under the sea. The delicatest corals bud and blossom there, nor heed the tempest's riot. Aye, even as above, the nautilis sails his fragile craft, laughing the storm-king to scorn. The eye of man cannot penetrate there—it is a world visible only to its creator, God.

Yet, grander and more wonderful than all that is now under the sea, when it shall be laid, will be that electric wire over which hemisphere is to speak with hemisphere, and all the tribes and nations of men mingle their thoughts. Infinite means of God, coupled with marvellous genius and skill of man—making omnipresence literal, palpable. To and fro sail the great ships, exchanging the products of the climes—swift ships, making the remotest nations neighbors—but swifter than sail or steam-driven keel, swifter than the darting birds of the air, flies the wire-bound thought of man. Under the sea it flies, past leviathan and nautilis, pearl valley and coral hill; past winds and tides, even with the lightning's speed—the Old World whispering in the ear of the New, and the New shouting in the ear of the Old, "space was, but space shall be no longer!"

Great things and wonderful did the ancients of days—the builders of the Pyramids, of Mœris, of the Colossi—but more wonderful than all their triumphs and trophies, this lightning-winged, thought-laden wire under the sea. Mercury may unplume his heels, he can messenger for the world no more. Rest thou, carrier dove, thy speed is but a feeble mocker. Bear on your freights, O ships; but as for the thoughts of men, sundered by oceans, and the yearning heart-throbs of nations, wide separated by trackless waters, these are henceforth thy burthen. O electric wire, that piercest under the sea. Time shall work no marvel more marvellous than this. Hidden, yet most visible trophy of human power, under God. The nations of old with their grandest monuments crowned the earth—ours, grander still, has its base deeper than the base of the "everlasting hills," under the sea. Leviathan, thy empire is no longer thy own. Over and beneath thee triumphs the world-conqueror, man. Over thee, are borne his riches—beneath thee, fly his thoughts. He, alone, of created things, is lord of sea and land. May he rule them to ends of peace. May his deeds and thoughts be for peace, whether they be upon land, over waters, or under the sea.

THE OLD MEETING-HOUSE.

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

Would any one like to know how a place of public worship, in one of our smaller cities, looked some half-century since? If so, I should like to tell them.

A long parallelogram of wood, painted white, was surmounted by a modest steeple, from whence a clock warned the outsiders of their fleeting hours, and a bell announced when they were expected within. There were square pews, finished elaborately with small bannisters, and a low pulpit, overhung by an immense sounding-board. Lest it should fall on the head of the minister, was the terror of my infant years. I thought it might be his great piety that held it in suspension, and trusted that, if it fell, it would not be permitted to hurt him.

When the psalm was read, the chorister arose in the deacon's seat, beneath the pulpit, uttering in clear, frank tones the name of the tune,—"Mear," "St. Martins," "Old Hundred," "Bath," or "Bangor." Then, giving the pitch, through a cabalistic-looking tube, and beating the time with high-raised hand, all who had voices, and some who had not, joined in the sacred stave. The spirit of devotion seemed to dwell in those ancient melodies. The modern style of church music, with its elaborate execution, has not, in my view, such affinity with that spirit as this honest, earnest old congregational singing.

There were then no fires in the places of worship. What!—neither furnace nor stove? No, indeed! Such things had not lifted their unconsecrated visages there. The weather was as cold as it is now, and the services, perhaps, somewhat longer. No one complained that I am aware of. An old dowager or two had small foot-stoves carried to their more aristocratic pews. Once I saw a smoke issuing thence, and heard a great shuffling of feet. The wood-coals from the kitchen hearth had proved too ardent, and, igniting something combustible in their vicinity, were trodden out with a most irreverent stamping. Ladies, then, were not afraid to sit in an unwarmed church, or to face the blast in getting there. They walked with an alert step, and their complexions were bright when youth had departed.

I can remember the indignation of the ancient people when stoves were first introduced, and their iron arms clasped the sanctuary in black embrace! They felt that it was desecrated, as by a spirit from the nether regions. Somewhat before that period a choir of young singers had been installed in the galleries. Different tunes were introduced, and the grey-haired chorister felt himself superceded. The juvenile part of the congregation were delighted. The usual difficulty occurred of keeping the choir in good humor with each other; so that external harmony was, sometimes, internal discord.

But, amid all changes, the good minister remained the same. Solemn were his voice and manner in the sacred services, and all that he said was regarded. When he appeared in the streets, even the youngest paid homage to his saintly piety, and his silver hairs. The sentiment of respect was in those days predominant among the people. It flowed forth freely toward the teachers of religion and all invested with authority. It would do no harm to us, now. For, like the "quality of mercy, it blesseth him who gives and him who takes."

Hartford, February 10, 1857.

RIVALRY.

Rivalry, as the expression of a desire for excellence, is not only allowable, but commendable. It is the oil which keeps the wheels of trade lubricated and ready for facile motion—the pigment which insures the most wonderful touches of art—the key which unlocks, as if with talismanic touch, the arcana of science—the ray which illumines the eye of beauty—the spark that warms the heart of love. In a word, it is the mainspring of public and private prosperity, without which the machinery of life would fail of its legitimate movements and its beneficent ends.

Perhaps the reader will say this is a eulogy which needs qualifications, because rivalry is not commendable in spirit or beneficent in effect. True. But, when rivalry is perverted from its legitimate channels, and to malign uses, it no longer furnishes a native test of character. Its purity is gone, and its beauty is no more. Then it stands not alone. It requires such epithets as ungenerous, mean, and jealous, to designate the changes which its quality has undergone. Its divinity has departed.

Alas! that the impulse of rivalry should be so frequently perverted—or, more correctly speaking, so frequently drugged with the poison of malignity—thus converting a natural blessing into an unnatural curse. And are not the consequences of this all around us, leading to jealousies, and heart-burnings, and back-bitings and all of the worst broods that could be hatched from the viper-nests of society!

In order to commend rivalry, in its native and legitimate sense, particularly to the young, we will recall an anecdote furnished us by the history of painting. It is that of Parrhasius and Zeuxis, two rival painters of antiquity, contending for a prize, after the custom of their day. The last named was the pupil of Apolodorus, of Athens, who is said to have been the first to carry the presentation of natural objects to any great degree of perfection. He was very successful in his emulation of his great teacher. But he found a rival in Parrhasius, an Ephesian. On a certain occasion, they submitted each a picture in competion for the prize. The piece by Zeuxis was so true to nature, that the birds, according to the anecdote, came and picked at some clusters of grapes on his canvas. The painter's heart leaped for very joy at the result. Then the canvas of Parrhasius was bought forth for inspection, with men for critics, instead of birds.

"Remove the *curtain,*" impatiently exclaimed Zeuxis, "that we may see the picture!"

The curtain itself was an illusion!

Zeuxis waited not for the decision of the umpires, but proclaimed himself excelled by his rival. "Zeuxis," said he, with beautiful frankness, "has deceived the birds of the air; but Parrhasius has even deceived Zeuxis!"

There was an instance of generous rivalry, if we may now employ an epithet, well worthy of imitation by competitors in all future time! Let the spirit of Zeuxis, in his rivalry, be ever followed, and then will rivalry throw a halo harmony around the scene of life!

A Family Paper should not pander to a morbid appetite. A taste for the horrible we do not desire to cultivate; and this will explain to some of our readers the reason why we did not publish illustrations of the great Burdell murder case. Anything that is unfit to be taken into the family, is unfit to appear in a family paper.

FRESH FERN LEAVES.

Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1855, by Robert Bonner, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

A WORD TO PARENTS AND TEACHERS.

I have before me a simple but imploring letter from a little child, begging me "to write her a composition." I could number scores of such, which I have received. I allude to it for the sake of calling the attention of parents and teachers to this cruel bugbear of childhood, with which I can fully sympathize, although it never had terrors for me. The Multiplication Table was the rock on which I was scholastically wrecked; my total inability to ascertain "if John had ten apples, and Thomas took away three, how many John would have left," having often caused me to wish that all the Johns in creation were ——— well, never mind that, now. I have learned to like Johns since!

But to return to the subject. Just so long as themes like "The Nature of Evil," or "Hydrostatics," or "Moral Science," and kindred subjects, are given out to poor bewildered children, to bite their nails and grit their teeth over, while the ink dries on the nib of their upheld pens, just so long will "composition day" dawn on them full of terrors. Such themes are bad enough, but when you add the order to write three pages at a mark, you simply invite them to diffuse and unmeaning repetitions, as subversive of good habits of composition, as the command is tyrannical, stupid, and ridiculous. You also tempt to duplicity, for a child cowered in this way has strong temptations to pass off for its own what is the product of the brains of another; and this of itself, as a matter of principle, should receive serious consideration at the hands of these child-tormentors. A child should never be allowed, much less *compelled,* to write words without ideas. Never be guilty of such a piece of stupidity as to return a child's composition to him with the remark, "It is very good, but it is *too short.*" If he has said all he has to say, what more would you have?—what more can you get, but repetition? Tell him to *stop when he gets through, if it is at the end of the first line*—a lesson which many an adult has yet to learn.

In the first place, give a child no theme above his comprehension and capacity; or, better still, allow him to make his own selection, and always consider one line, intelligibly and concisely expressed, better than pages of wordy bombast. In this way only can he be taught to write well, sincerely, and fluently. Nature teaches you this: The little bird at first takes but short flights to the nearest twig or tree. Bye and bye, as his strength and confidence grow, they are voluntarily and pleasurably lengthened, till at last you can scarce follow him, as he pierces the clouds. This forcing Nature—pushing the little fledgling rudely out of the nest, can result only in total incapacity, or, at best, but crippled flights. In the name of the children, I enter my earnest protest against it, and beg teachers and parents to think of and remedy this evil.

Fanny Fern.

BREAKFAST.

Let the world fly off its axle any hour in the twenty-four, save the breakfast hour. Ruffle me not then, and I promise to out-Socrates Socrates, though it should rain tribulations all the rest of the day. If I am to have one glimpse of sunshine until nightfall, let it be then. A plague on him or her who sits down to coffee (all hail coffee!) with a doleful phiz. The witches fly away with that female who presents herself in curl-papers, or introduces herself with a yawn. Unassoiled be that grocer, who offends my proboscis with a doubtful egg; garroted be that dairy-man who waters my milk; kneaded be that fat podge of a baker who is tardy with his hot rolls.

Tell me no disagreeables—be not argumentative over our Mocha; discourse not of horrid murders, nor yet dabble in the Black Sea of politics. Tell me not the price of any article I am eating, neither inquire of me prematurely, what I will have for my dinner. Let thy "Good morning" have *heart* in it, and touch thy lips to my eye-lids as thou passest to thy seat. If thou hast a clover-blossom, or a babe, set it before me; and dream not, because my heart's incense rises silently as its perfumed breath, that I praise not God for the sweet morning.

Fanny Fern.

SUNDAY.

Apart from vanity and sin,
  How calm the Sabbath stands,
As if our father held it in
  The hollow of his hands.

How calm! a vestibule before
  Of work-days and of care,—
Oh! let us ope its golden door
  Upon the hinge of prayer!

Alice Cary.

A SURE PROPHECY.

Some thousands of years ago, a celebrated Chinese philosopher, (Confucius), pointing to the West, prophecied that from thence should come the hope and regeneration of the world. The idea, it may be, gave birth to Bishop Berkeley's celebrated line:

> "Westward the star of Empire takes its way."

Certain it is, whether it be to Christianity, or to the progress of art, science and commerce, that we look for the forward march of civilization, the West has steadily expanded into a broader and brighter field of human development and triumph, while the East, which was erst the "Garden of God," and the paradise of man, has as steadily receded into darkness and inanity. Slowly and surely, from as far back as we can trace history, the great empire of the world has been tending westward. It has, at length, crossed the last ocean, discovered the furthermost hemisphere, and soon, pushing itself against the shores of the Pacific, will pause and rise to a power, intelligence and splendor, in all that is ennobling and happifying to man, such as the world of the past has never known. The day-star of nations and of the race is no longer in the East. Brighter than the Sun the adoring Magi worship, the West reveals its light, which is ere long to re-act and illumine the whole earth.

THE DECLINE OF THE HOOP.

The hoop is to be trundled out of fashionable gear. The Empress Eugenie, who first imposed this ever-expanding circularity upon her sex, has shuffled off the immortal coil, and now walks the corridors of the Tuileries enveloped in all the wavy grace of unrestrained and bewildering dimity. Of course, all feminine Paris will follow suit; the universal feminine world will imitate the Parisian sisterhood, and the streets of civilized cities will again become passable. Hoop—hoop—hoop—hurrah!

Old Bachelors.—Miss Tucker says, it's with old bachelors as with old wood—it is hard to get them started; but when they do take flame, they burn prodigiously.

RECIPE FOR BEAUTY.

False pride and indolence are the besetting sins of our women—air and exercise are neglected—partly that they are *above* engaging in useful occupations, which embrace, perhaps, the best exercise, partly that they are too lazy to work. And there is no beauty which is not solidly based upon health, worth any thing at all; therefore my fair readers, if you would be beautiful, be industrious—at any rate, be active; but if with activity, you can combine usefulness, so much the better, for the thought that you have done a good action is like a seed planted in your soul, that will bloom brightly out in your face; and beauty is more in expression than in form.

How many beautiful countenances can we all call to mind, that, divested of their exquisite expression, would be plain enough. If a rose were colored black it would not be more transformed from loveliness than is the face when the hue of a bad or vulgar nature comes into it.

A smile put on for an occasion, counterfeits the pure light that radiates from a good heart, no better than a painted mask shows the divine workmanship of nature.

I care not what the advantages of form and feature, I defy any persons to look beautiful without being so in their lives.

Useful activity is the main ingredient of my recipe, though a pure atmosphere is a high essential; and these combined will do more for your complexion, poor sallow sufferer of lassitude and sickly debility, than all the "balm" that ever was made. The best way to get the balm of flowers, is to cultivate them in your gardens, or tread on them in the open sunshiny meadows.

That confined and heated atmosphere which is the accompaniment of modern improvement, is detrimental exceedingly to all vigorous and healthy vitality; and the high-fed, and over-fed children that inhale such poison, and live in it as in a bath, remind me of those unnaturally puffy and white potato sprouts that I have sometimes seen in country cellars, growing crooked and distorted from beneath the pork-barrel.

Light and air are no less the needs of the animal than the vegetable world.

Exercise in the fresh air then, and you will find little use for cosmetics—freely as it is poured out, so that it is to be had for less than the asking—for the taking, simply, it is better than asses milk, or any other beautifyer ever devised under the sun.

There is no need to cite learned authorities: look all ye mother's of pale, scrofulous and puny children, at the rosy, laughing, plump little darlings that Providence is dumping down into the dirt all over the country, day by day.

True, we have not all had the advantage of being thus born, though some of us have, but let those who have been enervated by early luxuries, keep a strict look-out towards the main chances of health and beauty that are left.

I would not be understood as intimating that filthiness is at all requisite to health, usefulness or beauty; on the contrary, I consider it detrimental and vulgarising in the extreme, and if the children reared thus disadvantageously, are still more healthful and beautiful than the more fastidiously provided for, the cause must be found in the greater purity of the air they breathe, and their freer exercise.

A liberal use of water, externally, especially, is cordially recommended.

No spasmodic efforts will answer—my recipe requires a patience and perseverence which I am afraid few of my readers are possessed of; but whatever is excellent is of slow growth, and the value of the attainment is surely worth the trial.

Alice Cary.

"WORDS FITLY SPOKEN."

Great is the power of words—especially "words fitly spoken." Do you doubt their even *magic* power, at certain times?

Then go to the cell of the prisoner. We were about to write it, cell of the *criminal.* But all are not "criminals" who are in prison cells. Innocent men are sometimes there. Then, great is the power of words to them, as assurances of acquittal from the lips of counsel and sympathizing friends reach their ears. But suppose they are conscious of guilt, then all the more "fitly spoken" are words of kindness to their desponding hearts, because all the more needed. Withhold them not. They have erred. So have we, more or less. That *we* did not depart so far from the direct path of rectitude, may be owing to our having better light and better guides, ay, and "words fitly spoken" to us in childhood. Had we been placed as they were, and tempted as they were, our fate might have been the same.

This was, probably, one of the conclusions to which the mind of Elizabeth Frey was brought, before she commenced her mission to the prisons of England—that mission of love which has given immortality to her name. Her words, even to the condemned, were most "fitly spoken."

Go to yonder hovel of poverty! See that poor mother prostrated on a bed of sickness, while her little ones cry for bread around her aching pillow, but cry in vain! "Do you recommend *words* to her?" we think we hear some one ask. Yes, words even to her, if you have nothing else to give—kind, and soothing words. As they fall upon her ear, they will bring back from the eye, if the tongue cannot speak, proof that they were "fitly spoken." You have bread also to give; give it with pleasant, hope-inspiring words. There is a great deal in the manner of giving—in the words which accompany our givings. They may cause a good deal to seem but little, or a "mere trifle" to seem a good deal, according as they are fitly, or unfitly spoken. Above all, never give with a grudging tone. It is enough to make the sweetest morsel bitter to the taste of even the poor! Grudging words are *never* "fitly spoken."

TOO MUCH ANXIETY.

Of the causes of disease, anxiety of mind is one of the most frequent and important. When we walk the streets of large commercial towns, we can scarcely fail to remark the hurried gait and care-worn features of the well-dressed passengers. Some young men, indeed, we may see with countenances possessing natural cheerfulness and color; but these appearances rarely survive the age of manhood. Cuvier closes an eloquent description of animal existence and change with the conclusion that "life is a state of force." What he would urge in a physical view, we may more strongly urge in a moral. Civilization has changed our character of mind as well as of body. We live in a state of unnatural excitement; because it is partial, irregular, and excessive. Our muscles waste for *want* of action; our nervous system is worn out by *excess* of action. Vital energy is drawn from the operation for which nature designed it, and devoted to operations which it never contemplated.

The Tongue.—Give your tongue to be governed by wisdom and piety; not hatred and malice.

CURRENT ITEMS.

A young man named Eckert, living in Bridgport, Connecticut, recently received advices of his having been left heir to $100,000, by a French gentleman named Veramont, latety deceased in New Orleans. It seems that some two years ago Mr. Veramont landed in this city, with a beautiful daughter, his only child. They were total strangers, and young Eckert, happening to meet them, rendered them much service, in a way which kindled emotions of deep gratitude in their hearts. Soon after their arrival in New Orleans, the daughter died; and now the father has followed her, leaving the bulk of his property to the young stranger, who so kindly befriended them on their first arrival in the new world. Thus is an unselfish act oft-times unexpectedly rewarded.

A few days since, a respectable looking man dropped his pocket-book, as he was crossing the Park, near the fountain. A poor boy noticed the circumstance, picked up the pocket-book, ran after its owner and handed it to him. The man received it with great emotion, and said, emphatically, "Had I lost *that,* I should have been ruined!" He was about going away without rewarding the boy, but suddenly recollecting himself, he put his hand in his pocket, drew out a handful of silver, and deliberately selecting a three-cent piece gave it to the poor child who had saved him from *ruin.* Comment is unnecessary—still, we have no doubt that every reader will have something to say on the subject.

Within a short period, several unprincipled men in this city, have been exposed for having inveigled green women and young girls into deplorable connexions, first by means of clandestine correspondence and then of clandestine interviews. In some instances the correspondence has been seized by the police and published in the papers, whereby females (some of them living in remote cities and villages) have unexpectedly found themselves exposed in the full blaze of a most unenviable notoriety. Will not the girls and women of this country learn, and believe, that any man who attempts to make their acquaintance improperly, is a villain? By so doing, they may save themselves much sorrow and shame.

A little girl, some seven years of age, living in Baxter street (near the Five Points), was playing in the gutter a few days since, when a ruffian came along with a bull-dog, which he set upon the child. The dog seized her by the shoulder and threw her down, when a couple of sailors, that chanced to be passing, rushed upon the brute and gave it a couple of simultaneous kicks, which knocked the breath out of its body. They then gave the owner of the dog a sound thrashing, and passed on—the child having been taken into the house by her parents.

A little girl that was playing in the street with other children near Johnson and Jay-streets in Brooklyn, a few days ago, became frightened at the furious approach of a horse and wagon, and in attempting to escape rushed right in the horse's path; she was knocked down, and both legs and one arm were broken, and she was otherwise so terribly hurt that it is doubtful if she will recover. Parents should *never* allow their children to play in the street.

A burglar forced his way into a dwelling-house in Fourth street, a few evenings since, and commenced securing all the overcoats hanging in the hall. A servant girl, seeing him, raised an alarm and seized the burglar. He tried to escape, but the courageous girl held fast to his coat, and continued her outcries until assistance came, and he was secured and handed over to the police.

Mrs. Rush, the renowned millionaire-ess, of Philadelphia, was recently robbed of jewelry to the amount of $20,000. It is said that this robbery was perpetrated while every door in the house was securely locked; and the most experienced police officers can as yet obtain no clue to the perpetrators.

According to a recent book of statistics, there are but five persons in New York who are worth a plump million of dollars; the popular idea is that there are hundreds of millions in this city. A million dollars is a great deal of money, and vastly more than most of the richest people ever possess.

The London Post has a long report, in which the Duke of Cambridge (the Queen's uncle,) and several great lords are shown up as frequenting houses of an unmentionable character, and refusing to pay their bills. So much for "aristocracy."

By the last accounts from Nicaragua, it would seem that General Walker's race as a "conquerer" is nearly run. He was hemmed in on all sides, and was without provisions or ammunitions, and had but a small body of effective men.

A woman living in East Brooklyn, while under the influence of liquor a short time since, threw herself headforemost out of the second-story window of her dwelling and was killed. She leaves nine children.

A California paper says that a tree has been discovered in Oregon which measures forty-two feet and eight inches in circumference, four feet from the ground. That "eight inches" looks suspicious.

It is estimated that the damage done to the railroads of Illinois and Indiana, by the late freshets in those States, will exceed two millions of dollars.

Elder Grant, the celebrated Mormon, recently died in Utah, leaving a large circle of wives to mourn his loss.

The British Government have arranged to dispatch annually, for five years, a small steamer to explore the river Niger, for scientific and commercial purposes.

Dr. Elisha Kent Kane, the Arctic explorer, was but 35 years old when he died. His was a ripe young age.

WIT AND HUMOR.

At a stall in one of our markets, not long since, a few lobsters were for sale. A stranger, unacquainted with ichthyology, came along, and turning over the dormant "animals," asked the price, at the same time raising one of them to a close proximity with his nose. "*Whew!*" said the fellow, I'll hev you prosecuted, mum—*it smells!*" At this instant the lobster's claw, closing with a "whack!" fastened itself firmly upon the gentleman's nose! The fishmonger's wife placed her arms akimbo in triumph, and simply asked the gentleman, with a chuckle, "*Who smells now, mister?*"

A celebrated lecturer on natural philosophy was one evening dilating upon the powers of the magnet—defying any one to name or show anything surpassing its powers. An old gentleman accepted the challenge, much to the lecturer's surprise, but he nevertheless invited him on to the platform, when he told the lecturer that woman was the magnet of magnets—for, if the loadstone on the table could attract a piece of iron for a foot or two, there was a young woman who, when he was a young man, used to attract him THIRTEEN MILES *every Sunday to have a chat with her!*

A young man, residing within a mile of Sing Sing, lately volunteered his services to gallant a young lady home from a party. On the way he cudgelled his brains for some interesting topic of conversation to amuse her with; he could hit upon nothing until they met several cows, when the swain said, with much simplicity of manner, "Now, isn't it strange what a motherly appearance a cow has?" To which the lady replied, "I do not think it strange at all, sir, that a *cow* should have a motherly appearance to a *calf.*" The beau was silent during the rest of the walk.

At a horse-race recently, a man saw a fellow staggering about the race track, with more liquor than he could conveniently carry. "Hallo! what's the matter now?" said a friend whom the inebriated individual had just run against. "Wh-*hic*-why," said he, so drunk that he was hardly able to articulate, "wh-*hic*-why, the fact is, a lot of my friends have been b-b-*hic*-betting liquor on the race to-day, *and they've got me to hold the stakes for them.*"

A Yankee editor gives the following as the most approved mode of killing a mouse:—Cage him; then read him an account of all the railroad and steam-boat accidents which have happened within the last twelve months. As soon as he becomes so frightened as not to be able to stir, draw out his teeth, and he will starve to death.

"Mother, don't you wish you had the tree of evil in our garden?" "Why, Joe, you sarpint, what do you mean?" "As money's the root of all evil, if we had the tree, couldn't we get all the precious stuff?" "You varmint, you're getting too smart, entirely; that's what comes of sending boys to the macadamies."

While inspecting a farm in a pauperised district, an enterprising agriculturist could not help noticing the slow, drawling motions of one of the laborers there, and said, "My man, you do not sweat at that work." "Why, no, master," was the reply, "twelve shillings a week isn't sweating wages."

A poor fellow, in his examination before the Recorder the other day, was asked if he had not been in that court before? and what for? (He had been put up for body-stealing). "It was for nothing at all," said the humorist, "honely rescuing a fellow-cretur from the grave."

A printer, in setting up the sentence, "We are but parts of a stupendous whole," by mistake of a letter made it read, "We are but parts of a stupendous whale."

"If you beat me, I'll call out the soldiers," as the drum said.

THE FIRST LOVE-LETTER.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

Long, in her shaded room she sate,
  Deep musing o'er a scroll,
Though Evening with a stealthy hand
  The light away had stole,—
It mattered not,—like blazoned chart
Each line was graven on her heart.

A pleasant reverie rules the hour,
  Bright Fancy spreads her wings;
Gay Hope looks out from greenwood bower,
  The bird of Eden sings;
And spirit-strength, before unknown,
Seems strangely blending with her own.

A footstep! In her bosom's fold
  That missive's page was crush'd,
And flashing crimson o'er her brow
  Up to the forehead gush'd;
Oh, maiden! whence that hurrying flame?
In holy love there is no shame.

Beside her nightly couch she kneels,
  The Heavenly Friend to seek;
A tear her grateful heart reveals,
  Like pearl-drop on the cheek;
Another name is on her prayer,
Another soul seems hovering there.

Henceforth, that name, in hours like these,
  Before her own is spoke,
And for that soul her warmest words
  The grace of Heaven invoke.
Thus shall it be, till Life hath wove
Its web;—for such is woman's love.

Then wildering dreams of sprite and fay,
  Around her slumbers stole,
And urchin Cupids snatch'd away
  Her bosom's hoarded scroll.
Her first love-letter! Lo! it sails,
In fragments on the mocking gales.

Oh, Lady! chance and change await
  The happiest earthly lot,
But truth and tender trust abide,
  Though wealth continueth not;
And Love, with pure and heavenward sway,
Sustains when beauty fades away.

KARMEL THE SCOUT;

OR,

THE REBEL OF THE JERSEYS.

A STORY OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.,

AUTHOR OF "THE GUNMAKER OF MOSCOW," "THE STORM SECRET," "ORION, THE GOLD-BEATER," ETC., ETC.

Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1857 by ROBERT BONNER, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York

CHAPTER XXII.

THE WOLF HAS LOST HIS PREY.

The present meeting between Kate and Clara was less restrained than the one they last held, though even now they spoke but little of anything save the business they had before them.

"But, my dear Kate," said Clara, in a tone of apprehension, "where will be your safety after we are gone? And where will be Andrew's? They will know that he helped in this work."

"Ah, we have all that provided for," replied Andrew, who had overheard the remark. "Kate and I are going with you."

"How? Going to Elizabethtown?" cried Clara, in surprise.

"Yes. We have everything prepared to that end."

"But your house—your tools—your furniture?"

"As for the house, that will take care of itself," said the young host. "All my most valuable articles, such as tools, and so on, I have hidden where I don't think they can be found. My furniture may be confiscated; but I think I can sustain the loss."

"*I* think you can," interposed Eugene, with a meaning look and nod.

"But you must do all this just for me," resumed Clara. "For me, you and Kate must leave your home and——"

"Stop, Clara," interrupted Andrew. "Had it not been for your salvation I might not have left here at present; but how long I could have remained is not so certain. The British already suspect me, and I know that a watch has been set upon my movements since my return from Elizabethtown. I have thought seriously of leaving before this. But, aside from all that, I fancy that the lasting weal of my friends is worth thus much trouble on my part; so we'll prepare for our departure, and leave the rest for some future consideration."

Clara showed in the look with which she regarded her noble host how grateful she was; but she knew that time pressed, and she went with Kate to prepare for the toilsome journey before them.

The two horses which had been brought from the colonel's stable, and which belonged to that officer, had been taken to the little barn where Andrew kept his own horse, and where Eugene's beast was now put up. The men had made all their preparations, and only waited now for the girls to be ready.

The extra clothing of both brother and sister had been packed up in two snug bundles, and were to be secured to the saddles, while all such things as were not likely to be wanted through the winter had been hidden away with the tools.

It was just ten o'clock when the four horses were led up to the door. The girls were assisted to their saddles—Kate riding upon her brother's horse, and Clara upon Eugene's—and their clothing secured about them, so that the wind could not blow the garments off or open. The house was then locked up, after which the men mounted and gathered up their reins.

The wind was from the south-east, and the course of the travellers very near north-east, so they would have it for a while upon their right side; but they thought little of this. They remembered Andrew's remark: that this very storm might prove the cover under which their escape would be safe, and therefore they faced the cutting blast without flinching. But they found it a tough one when they reached the road, and for a few moments even the horses needed more urging than ordinary. The snow blew directly across the way, and in some places deep drifts had been piled up in the path. Yet they kept bravely on, taking the Rahway road, as they considered that the safest.

Two or three sentinels were passed, and whether they saw the travellers or not, our friends could not tell. Andrew knew where two of them were stationed, and they dashed past at the top of their speed. Eugene was sure he heard the second one hail them, but they paid no attention to it. They expected the guard would fire upon them if he observed them, but it was not done; so both the young men thought it most likely that in the wild fury of the storm they had passed unobserved.

"Is it not strange," said Clara, addressing her lover, "how simple mental activity can keep the body up? Under ordinary circumstances I could not bear this trial; but now it is only pastime."

"You speak truly," returned Eugene. "But," he added, in a tone of concern, "do you not suffer now?"

"Not at all—not at all," she quickly responded. "There is really something grand in it—something imposing—in breasting such a storm. Ah, no—my heart's too warm and ardent to suffer from any such outward cause as this. But I fear Kate may suffer."

"Are you speaking of me?" asked the latter, who had overheard the remark.

"Yes," replied Eugene. "Clara was fearing that you might suffer from this storm."

"No—no—not I. Why—I am bundled up so that only my face is exposed; and even that I contrive to hide in such a manner behind Andrew that I do not suffer. No, no—don't fear on my account. I am only to ohappy that we are able to be here."

"I wonder how Colonel Lyndarm is enjoying himself?" remarked Andrew with a light laugh.

"He must be feeling rather unpleasantly," returned Eugene. "If no one calls upon him on business he won't get clear till midnight."

"He won't be likely to have calls on such a night," added Clara. "The orderly will be relieved at twelve o'clock, and then I suppose he'll be found."

"Aye," cried Kate, "And by that time we'll be beyond the reach of pursuit."

"Yes," said Andrew; "and we are beyond it now. Every minute makes the going worse and worse, so that if we are followed the pursuers will not get over the ground we have passed as swiftly as we have done."

The wind still howled its furious notes, and the snow still whirled about in the night-air in dense clouds; but the darkness was not so intense as before, for the moon was up. Its face was not to be seen, nor could its place be judged by the eye; yet it dissipated much of the gloom, and the horses were able to move along more freely. The girls still laughed and chatted in joyful tones, and their companions had no more cause of fear. They were surely out of the way of successful pursuit, and they were relieved of all anxiety on account of the maidens.

A. BOBBETT Sc.

CAPTAIN PEMBERTON RESCUING ROSALIE FROM HER FATHER AND HIS COUSIN ELROY.

It was near midnight, and the party came to a house in which a light was seen. They judged that they were then within two hours' ride of Elizabethtown, and perhaps nearer.

"Would you like to stop here and rest?" asked Andrew, as they came nearly opposite the house, turning to the girls as he spoke.

"No, no," quickly returned Clara; "it may be a Tory's den. Let us be sure we're safe ere we stop."

"But we are within the American lines."

"Yet it may not be safe. Oh! 'twould be dreadful to lose all now!"

"Then we'll go on."

"See!" uttered Eugene, "there's somebody looking out the window. Don't you observe?"

They looked at the window through which they had seen the light, and plainly saw a man peering out, with his hands spread out upon each side of his face, to shut out the reflection of the lamplight. In a moment more he disappeared, and ere long the door of the house was opened, and a man, with a lantern in his hand, came out.

"Hallo! hallo!" he cried, at the top of his voice, so as to be heard above the howl of the storm: "Here!—this way! *Eugene!*"

"He calls me!" exclaimed the captain, drawing in his rein; "come—let's ride up."

Thus speaking, Eugene turned towards the open door, and rode up—the rest following close behind him.

"*Eugene?*" cried the man with the lantern, interrogatively.

"Yes; that's my name."

"And Clara?" resumed the man.

"*'Tis Robert!*" the sister exclaimed, freeing her foot from the stirrup, and leaping down into the snow.

It was Robert! and in a very few moments she was clasped to his bosom!

There was no more question about stopping. Good Adam Warner came out, with Karmel close behind him, and bade the travellers hurry into the house, while he took care of the horses. He knew very well that the intelligent beasts would go towards a barn on such a night without much urging, so he persuaded the two young men to go in with the girls. He led one of the horses, and the others gladly followed.

"Are you not nearly frozen, Clara?" the brother asked, as he held his restored sister again to his bosom.

"Oh, no, Robert. Upon my word, I don't know that I ever felt more comfortable. Ah—I've had happy thoughts to sustain me on this journey."

"But, Andrew, how is this?" our hero asked, turning to his friend, and speaking in a tone of astonishment: "Why do I see you and our dear, good Kate here?"

"I'll tell you," interposed Eugene, quickly; "the man who helped me knock down a British colonel and a sentinel, could not very well remain in Brunswick."

"Ah! Andrew," cried Robert, in a tremulous tone, while a bright moisture started out in his eyes, "you have done more now than I can ever do for you!"

"Yet I think you would save my sister Kate, if she were in danger," Andrew returned, as Robert took his hand.

"I hope I may never have the opportunity," our hero said; "though if trouble befall her, God grant that I may be near!"

At this juncture the host returned, and was speedily introduced to the new-comers; and after this there followed a happy season of relating adventures. While Eugene was describing how they disposed of the wicked widow and the polygamous colonel, old Adam could not sit still. He had to leap up and clap his hands half a score of times, and his ejaculations of "good!" "capital!" "O, ge-whittaker!" "Jerewsalem and judgment!" and so on, were plainly indicative of the intense satisfaction he experienced. He only had one source of regret: and that was, that he could not, by any possible means "see that consarned old kurnel with his arms, and legs, and mouth bound up, and lashed to a bed-post!" He assured his guests that if 'twas pleasant, and there wasn't much danger, he'd travel that distance in a minute to see such a sight.

Robert said he had expected that Eugene would return that night, and having business with Warner, he had come there to meet them.

"I felt a strong presentiment," he added, "that you would come to-night. To be sure there was a deep fear with it, but still the impression was vivid; and hence we sat up. Since ten o'clock I have watched the window pretty steadily."

At two o'clock the party adjourned till morning, and Adam showed his guests to their sleeping places. Two of the men had to make a bed upon the floor; but that was good enough—so good that it required some time to decide who should have the privilige. But Robert and Karmel carried the day, and proceeded at once to spread their deer-skins and blankets.

The storm still raged without, and the wind continued to howl forth its mad songs; but within that humble cot there were hearts full of joy and gladness, looking beyond the storm to Him who controlled it, with gratitude and praise.

Robert was as happy as any, but yet while he thanked God for the safety of his beloved sister he could not forget to pray for the safety of one other who was not yet wholly free from danger.

* * * * *

At midnight a single soldier went groping through the storm from the guard-room to the house where Col. Lyndarm resided. When he reached the yard he found a huge bank of snow piled up before the entrance, but he wallowed through it and gained the door. He entered, but there was no light, and the fire in the stove, which stood in the hall, had gone out. He remembered that he had hit something with his foot on entering, and on turning back he found it to be a lantern. He managed to rake out a live coal from the embers in the stove, and with this he lighted the lantern-lamp, and then gazed about him for the man he was to relieve.

But where was he? He called, in a low tone, for "Dennis." But no Dennis came. Perhaps he was in the kitchen. He went there to see. He found no Dennis; but he found something else. He found Mrs. Reed bound, hand and foot, lashed to her great chair, with the lower part of her face enveloped in a table-cloth. He set her free as quickly as possible, and then asked what all this meant.

It was some moments ere the woman could speak. She tried first to stand; but that was beyond her power. Her legs were so benumbed and stiffened from being bound in an awkward position so long that they would not answer her will. Her tongue, however, was more ready. She explained to the orderly all that had happened to her, with the addition of such items as her fancy chanced to dictate. They—"the villains"—had "throwed knives" at her, "fired off pistols" at her—"eenamost choked her to death," and divers other horrible things which no common woman could have survived.

"But where is Dennis?" asked the soldier.

"It's a marcy if they haint murdered him and buried him up in the snow!"

"Did'nt you hear anything till they came in here?"

"No—not a thing. They crept in like two cats, and would sartin' 'a murdered me if they had'nt 'a been a-fraid I'd 'ave made a noise!"

The orderly plainly saw that he could get no truth from the hostess, so he resolved to go and find the colonel. He went to his private room and knocked, but getting no answer he looked in. There was no colonel there. He next went up to his chamber, and knocked there, but with the same result. He then opened the door and looked in; and found no colonel there either. He was upon the point of descending when he happened to think of the room of the young girl; so he went there.

This room he entered without knocking. The fire was gone out on the hearth, and the room was empty. He saw the chamber door open, and he looked in there. He started quickly forward, for he saw his colonel upon the floor, bound and gagged as the hostess had been, and lashed to the bed-post! He set his lantern down, and quickly cast the bandage off from his superior's mouth, and then proceeded to set him free.

Lyndarm arose, but it was with the utmost difficulty that he managed to walk to a chair. His first word was the name of a place where wicked people are supposed to go. The next was a contraction of condemnation. After this he indulged in quite an extended vocabulary of words "neither brave, polite, nor wise." Finally, however, he came down to tangible language, and commenced the new course of speech, by asking the man if he had just come on.

"Yes, sir," the soldier replied.

"And what have you found? Where is Callahan and Mrs. Reed?"

"I have found the woman in the kitchen bound just as you were, sir; but Dennis Callahan I can't find."

Lyndarm was not yet calm enough to speak calmly upon any topic. He choked, and raved, and ground his teeth in a rage utterly impotent. But finally he managed to find coherent words enough to bid the orderly go and find Dennis.

The soldier went below with his lantern, and having looked through such rooms in the lower part of the house, as he had not previously visited, he went out into the front yard. There was but one other place on the premises where a man could be hidden, and that was the stable. So thither he went, and he found his companion as the Rebels had left him.

Poor Dennis was set free; and as his seat had been an easy one, upon the soft hay, he could use his legs quite well, though there was but little strength in his arms. The two repaired to the Colonel's room at once, where Dennis was requested to relate what had befallen him. He could only tell, however, that he had been knocked down, bound, and gagged, and then dragged away into the stable. He said Andrew Van Ruter was one of them; but he did not plainly see the face of the other.

But Lyndarm knew who the other was. He had recognised in him the son of old Ogden; and he was upon the point of saying so when a loud knocking was heard at the lower door.

The orderly hurried down, and when he returned he was followed by Thomas Ogden, the very man of whom the colonel had been thinking.

"Cololonel Lyndarm," he said, in a nervous, flurried manner, "you will pardon me for this unseasonable visit; but circumstances would not permit of a delay. The young man who came here and pretended to be my son I fear is an impostor. He has gone off—he left the house sometime after seven o'clock—and I fear he may be a Rebel spy. When he first went out he said he was going to call upon a friend, and I suspected nothing; but when I awoke at midnight, and found that he had not returned, I became alarmed. I hurried to the barn, and found his horse gone, and then at once started to give the alarm. I could arouse no one at the general's, so I came here."

This was told with such an air of sincerity that the colonel swallowed it all, and from that moment there was no more suspicion of any weight upon the smith. He was questioned quite sharply, but came out without contradicting himself, or exciting any doubt as to his veracity.

As soon as the colonel could walk he had orders sent to the guard-room, and a company of troopers sent in pursuit. Dennis reported that the Rebels had taken the best two horses in the stable; and upon going to Van Ruter's stable, and finding his horse gone and his house locked up, they of course knew that the party had fled.

Twelve troopers, upon stout, powerful horses, were sent on the river road, and twelve on the Rahway road, with directions to bring back the Rebels, if they found them, dead or alive. It was past one o'clock when they set out.

Shortly after daylight, the troopers returned. They had found nothing of the fugitives, nor had they been able to gain any information concerning them. It seemed impossible that two young girls could have ridden any distance in such a storm; but still it must have been so.

There was considerable excitement in the camp for a while; but they were so used to strange freaks on the part of the Rebels, that it soon wore away, and was ere long eclipsed by the capture of a whole British company of foragers, by a party of Rebels, with Karmel at their head.

But though others forgot the events of that night, Col. James Lyndarm remembered them most keenly. Not only had he suffered an indignity which rankled in his bosom, but he had lost a prize for the keeping of which he would even have sacrificed his honor.

CHAPTER XXIII.

ROSALIE'S EXPERIENCE.

We must return now to Rosalie Lincoln.

The unhappy girl sat by her window on that afternoon which was to have seen the return of Elroy; but she saw nothing of him. It grew dark, but no Elroy came. Night passed, and in the morning—Thursday morning—she arose faint at heart, and sick in body. Her head ached, and the blood coursed swiftly and hotly through her veins. She went to her window and looked out upon the snow, and she felt as though it would be a relief to be buried up in it. She raised the sash, and having gathered a handful of the frozen mass, she applied it to her brow. It afforded her a slight sense of relief, but it did not mitigate her pain.

She heard the fire crackling in the next room—the apartment which had been given to her for a sitting-room—and she went in there and sat down. The pain in her head grew more intense as she thus sat up by the fire, and she moved back. But the fire which worked upon her system so painfully was within! It dwelt in her heart, and it coursed through her veins.

Ere long a serving woman came up, and when she looked upon the maiden she started with astonishment and fear.

"Why! Bless my soul, Miss Rose, you are sick! you look dreadfully!"

"Alas! I feel dreadfully," murmured the poor girl, raising her hand to her brow and pressing it there.

"But you're real sick," the woman said. "Something must be done." And as she thus spoke, she approached, and kneeling down by Rosalie's side she took one of her hands.

"Why—mercy! how hot your flesh is! Don't you feel very sick?"

"Yes. Oh! My head aches, and I am sick—sick!"

"So you are—very sick. You must have the doctor."

"But tell me," the maiden cried, with a sudden effort, "has Elroy returned?"

"No—he hasn't come yet. But they expect him every minute. He'll be real sorry when he knows you're sick. But then you can't be married while you're as sick as you are now."

"Do you think they would let me off?" the girl uttered eagerly.

"My—how could they help it?" the woman returned, showing by her look and tone that she was surprised at the manner in which the question had been asked.

"Alas!" resumed Rosalie, raising her hand again to her brow. "I fear they will force it upon me. Oh! I wish I were sleeping with my mother!"

"But she's dead!" said the servant, quickly.

"Aye—and I, if I were with her, should be dead to all this pain and anguish!"

As the unhappy girl thus spoke, she bowed her head, and covering her face with her hands, she burst into tears. She wept like a sick child—for all her fortitude, all her hope, and all her strength were gone; and she was moreover racked with pain most intense.

The serving woman gazed upon her in utter astonishment. She seemed to be not only surprised, but her face showed a feeling of pity and sorrow as well.

This woman's name was Mary Van Brunt. She was between forty and fifty years of age,—a sober, industrious, crusty thing, who made few friends, and who seemed to wish for but few. Most people called her a "cross-grained old maid," and they evidently supposed they were correct. She made free with no one, but attended to her own concerns, and bade others attend to theirs. She was seldom seen to smile, and was never known, by those who knew her, to express anything like joy or gladness. So she had been selected by Mr. Pemberton as a fit person to take charge of Rosalie. She seemed to dislike young, pretty girls, and he was sure she would be strict and severe with her. She was large in frame, with a full, red face; and though not decidedly ugly looking, yet she could lay no claims to beauty.

As we said before, Mary Van Brunt gazed upon the maiden with surprise, and finally ventured to take one of her hands.

"Do you feel very bad?" she asked, tenderly.

Rosalie raised her eyes to the woman's face, and she saw a look of sympathy there. She caught it in an instant, as a drowning man might seize a floating plank; and with a deep sob she sank forward, and pillowed her burning brow upon the attendant's shoulder.

"Oh!" she murmured, as she placed one arm about her neck, "be my friend! Be my friend, and I will love you—I will pray for you always!"

"I will be your friend!" cried Mary, winding her arms about the form of the girl. "But tell me—don't you love Elroy Pemberton?"

"No, no—I cannot."

"And daren't ye tell him so?"

"Tell him so? Oh! he knows it very well. I have told him so a hundred times."

"You have?"

"Yes. Day before yesterday, in this very room, I got down upon my knees to him, and prayed him to let me go free! but he would not. Oh! I have told him many times."

"I thought ye loved him."

"Oh! no—no! I never loved him, only as a brother."

"Well—I hope he mayn't come back as he expects! That's all I've got to say."

The woman spoke this very emphatically, and thus showed at once that she, too, had no love for him. And as she gazed now upon the poor girl, every sympathy of her soul was awakened, and her love went forth, and enfolded the suffering being who had asked for her friendship. From that hour Rosalie had one more true friend.

"But," cried Mary Van Brunt, lifting Rosalie's head from her shoulder, and starting to her feet, "something must be done for ye. Could ye eat something?—say a little piece of toast?"

"No—I am too sick. I must lie down again," the sufferer answered, trying to arise; but in vain, she was dizzy and faint.

"You just wait a few minutes," said Mary, "and I'll have a place fixed for ye."

As she spoke she went into the bed-room, and having taken off the bolster, pillows, and two or three coverlets, she brought them out and fixed them upon a long settee which stood in the room. After fixing these things, she drew the settee up nearer to the fire and assisted Rosalie to reach it and lie down upon it. She then drew one of the coverlets over her, and having bade her rest easy for a few minutes she left the room.

At that moment there came a sense of thankfulness to the maiden's soul. It was not a distinct emotion—it was not mere thankfulness for the kindness of the woman who had just left her; but it was a dim, undefinable feeling, which came beside the deep gratitude she felt towards Mary Van Brunt. Perhaps the fact of Elroy's having not yet returned may have helped produce it; and so, too, the deep sickness which was upon her might last some time, and thus delay the fatal nuptials.

Ere long the door was opened and Mr. Richard Pemberton entered. He saw at once that the maiden was very sick, and having spoken with her for a few moments he left, remarking as he turned away, that he would send for a doctor.

The doctor came, and when he saw the patient he pronounced her disease a severe, settled fever. He ordered that her bed should be moved to some place where she could have a fire, and that she should be immediately placed in a state of rest and quiet. He examined her case thoroughly, and then dealt out his medicine. Mary Van Brunt was relieved from all other duty, and directed to watch with and nurse her.

The poor girl's season of trial and excitement had shattered her nervous system; and then her exposure on the night of her flight had served to sow the seeds of the fever. Intense mental suffering had hidden the disease in its incipient stages, so that it now came upon her fully developed, and with all its enervating power.

* * *

Rosalie had been sick a week. She had suffered much, and was still suffering. Every day she had asked if Elroy had returned, and each time Mary told her that he had not. It was very strange—they both said so—and many were the conjectures upon the probable cause of his absence.

"He has heard of my sickness," said Rosalie, "and so remains away on business."

"I think not," returned Mary. "If it was so, then his father would know something about it, which I am sure is not the case now. Mr. Pemberton is very much concerned, and I am sure he has no idea of where Elroy is."

It was Thursday evening. The doctor had just gone, and Mary was in the kitchen preparing some gruel. While she was thus engaged she heard a rap upon the back door. She went, and found Kate Van Ruter there.

"May I not see Rose?" the girl asked, imploringly.

Mary knew that there was great love between Rosalie and Kate, and she could not refuse. She knew she was disobeying orders, but she cared not for that.

"If ye'll go up as easy as ye can, and hide if ye hear anybody coming, ye may go."

Kate readily promised all this, and was at once conducted to the chamber-door.

"Be careful and don't let her exert herself too much," the nurse whispered; and with this she opened the door and ushered the visitor in.

Rosalie looked up as she heard the door close, but the lamp burned low, and she could not see plainly.

"Is it you Mary?" she asked.

"It isn't Mary," whispered the intruder, disguising her voice, so as not to startle the invalid too suddenly.

"Who is it?"

"You won't speak loud, nor be surprised will you? It's me. It's Kate."

"Kate Van Ruter? Oh, dear, good Kate! O, God bless you? It is Kate—Kate herself—come to see me!"

It was like a ray of heavenly light in that sick chamber, the coming of one whom she had long loved, one of her own age, and one who had been as a sister to her. She drew Kate down upon the pillow by her side, and placing her cheek against her's she murmured forth her soul full of love and gatitude.

Kate told of many things that had happened; and Rosalie told of all that had happened to her.

"Have you heard from Elroy yet?" the visitor asked, when she considered the ice fairly broken.

"No," answered Rosalie, "not a word. Can you imagine where he is?"

"Well—yes—I think I can guess pretty nearly what has become of him."

"Ah," cried the invalid, with a sudden start, "you know!—you know! I can see by your look. You have come to tell me. You have, haven't you?"

"Yes, Rose, dear—I have On the evening of the day on which he left you he went to a place near Newark, and there met with a band of Tories that had been formed under his charge. Robert Pemberton and Karmel had been at work and gained information of the whole affair, and had made sure arrangements for being present at that very meeting. So they had a company of their own men near at hand, and all the Tories were captured, Elroy among the rest."

"Captured!—Robert captured him!" murmured Rose, gratefully,

"Yes—and will hold him, too. Elroy tried hard to get away, but he couldn't do it. Andrew had seen Robert and told him all. Oh! how happy Robert must have felt. Andrew said he was like a crazy man when he told him that you were to be married so soon. But he was coming on. He had made all his arrangements to come when he so fortunately found the bridegroom among the prisoners. Wasn't curious? Don't it seem almost as though God meant that it should be so?—that you should be saved in that way?"

"It does, surely," returned Rosalie. "Oh! how fortunate. They will not let him go?" she added, eagerly, and with some apprehension. "They will not let him be bought off?"

"No. General Washington has promised that he shall not be set free while there is a British army in the Jerseys. So you have nothing to fear on that score."

"Oh! I am glad of that. And Robert is safe?"

"Yes. And he is doing well, too. He is thought much of by the people, and Washington reposes the utmost confidence in him. He is a noble young man, and I am sure you have reason to be proud of his love. I'm very sure I should."

"I do feel proud of it, Kate. I do feel proud, for I know he is worthy of any woman's love. But how is Clara?"

"Andrew tells me a plan has been made for her escape. I have just come from there. I carried her a letter from Robert. I could not stop to hear what was in it, for Mrs. Reed would not leave us for a moment. I hope she will be free."

And so did Rosalie hope so. The two conversed a while longer; and might have kept it up quite late, had not Mary come up and interrupted them. Kate arose to leave, but she promised to call again.

"My—you look better," exclaimed the nurse, after Kate had gone.

"And I am better, Mary," the invalid replied joyfully. "Oh! I have had some medicine tonight that reached the right spot. It has driven off the heaviest load that lay upon my soul. Elroy is a prisoner in the Patriot camp, and will be held until the British leave Jersey!"

Mary Van Brunt was really happy to hear this, and she expressed her satisfaction plainly.

And from that hour Rosalie began to improve. The heaviest weight was taken from her heart, and when her mind was free the body began to mend. She had one season of sorrow, but it was a short one. It only lasted while the impulse of a vain regret was upon her:

On Saturday evening, as she lay, or rather sat, with her back supported by pillows, Kate Van Ruter came again. She came to inform Rosalie that both she and Andrew were going to leave the town. She explained the plan for the rescue of Clara, and said that of course they could not remain after that was done.

Rosalie began to weep.

"Don't do so, Rose," the visitor urged. "You know it is for the good of all——"

"Stop, Kate; oh, do not misunderstand me. I know it is for your good. But I was wishing that I could go, too. You will go and be with Robert."

"And at some time you shall be the same. But you will send some word."

Yes—Rose had a word to send—a word of love—and she bade Kate to deliver it faithfully.

The busy girl could not stop long, for she had much on her hands; so she received her message; and having held the invalid to her bosom for some moments, she imprinted a warm kiss upon her lips, and then turned away.

For a while after Kate was gone Rosalie felt very sad and down-hearted; but she at length overcame it; and when, on the next day, she learned that the party had got safely off, she was thankful and glad.

Sir Arthur and Mr. Pemberton were very nervous and uneasy. The latter had written to Washington, and informed him that he could have any Rebel prisoner below the grade of a major, he would name, in return for Elroy; and Washington had replied that on no account would he release, either by exchange or otherwise, any American who had been taken in the act of inciting American subjects to join in the war against their country.

"Well," said Sir Arthur, after the reply of the American commander had been duly considered, "we can keep the girl until Spring, and then I think Elroy will be released. At any rate I do not think they will keep him after the King's troops have left the Jerseys."

"That must be so," returned Pemberton. "It is hard, but I suppose we must make the best of it. The wedding will be just as good six months from now."

"Just exactly, only Rosalie must be watched. However, we can do that easy enough. Oh! why were not those two Rebels hung while we had them in our power!"

This was a regret which dwelt in the baronet's mind continually. He thought of the youth who had gained his daughter's heart, and he wished that he was dead. And he thought, too, of the old scout. But, while he mentioned Robert's name freely in his anger, he kept the name of Karmel to himself. There was something in his memory of that old man which was deeper than fear, and more terrible than physical danger.

CHAPTER XXIV.

BAFFLED FOR THE WHILE.

During that long, hard winter, the British suffered more than they were willing to own. Washington's position afforded him many opportunities to harrass and annoy them, and many sources from whence they had expected forage and provisions, were cut off. The recovery of the Jerseys from a powerful army, and that, too, by a force already regarded as defeated, was looked upon, not only in this country but throughout Europe, as one of the most brilliant achievements of any war. Washington never displayed his clear, calm, far-reaching wisdom and sagacity more than he did during that winter passed in New Jersey. Not only did he escape most of the evil aimed at him by his enemy, but many bands of Tories were effectually broken up.

In all that region, there were no two men who did more service for the cause of Liberty than did Robert Pemberton and Karmel, the scout. In fact, there were none others who did as much as they did. The greatest evil apprehended and feared by the American commander, was the rising of the Tories. The British army, with its center at New Brunswick, was a tangible affair; and Washington knew just how to watch it. And all through that hard season, the British suffered the most. But with regard to the Tories, the case was different.

These traitors arose on all hands, like snakes from the tall grass of a swamp, and their existence was likely to remain a secret until they were ready to bite. They were men who had associated with the Patriots, who had heard their plans talked over, and who knew where Rebel stores were concealed. Hence they were doubly dangerous—as they not only counted each a man for the enemy, but they carried with them intelligence of American affairs which even British spies could not gain.

Robert and Karmel managed to get upon the track of these fellows, and in most cases they either took them prisoners, or effectually broke them up. They had secret assistance, through which they gained much information, that could never have been obtained by open means. Through all the country they were known as "THE TORY TRAPPERS," and surely the appellation was not inappropriate. By the Patriots they were beloved and honored, while by the British they were feared and hated. And by the latter a heavy price was set upon their heads. But it availed them nothing. Every Patriot's house was a place of refuge for the Tory Trappers, and every Patriot was a friend and a protector.

The winter passed away, and in the spring the two armies began to move. General Washington waited to observe the inclination of the enemy before he moved. Once, about the middle of June, Howe supposed he had set a trap in which he would take the whole American army; but Washington outwitted him, and at length, on the 30th of the same month, the enemy removed to Staten Island. New Brunswick was once more free from British troops, and the town gradually assumed its wonted appearance. The people once more breathed freely, and those patriots who had been forced to leave their homes during the presence of the invaders now returned. Many of them came back only to find their property all confiscated, their houses ruined, and their neighbors unable to assist them. But they had the true Yankee energy to bear them up, and under its influence their shops, their gardens, and their fields soon began to yield the means of support.

Rosalie Lincoln had been removed to her father's residence; and here she had recovered from her sickness; and there she had once more the friendship of good Aunt Patience. She saw little of her father, and when she did see him he had no word of kindness for her, and no smile ever beamed upon her from his hard, cold face. He still assured her that she should marry with the man he had chosen, and she well knew that nothing could move him from his purpose.

Andrew Van Ruter and his sister returned as soon as the British had left: and though they found their house rather the worse for the use to which the enemy had put it, and much of their furniture either broken or missing, yet the secret repository in the cellar had not been discovered, and thus their most valuable articles were safe. Eugene had made Andrew keep the two horses which had been taken from Lyndarm's stable; and as they were very valuable ones they sold for more than double the value of all that had been lost.

One bright morning the neighbors heard the "tink, tink, tink," of Andrew's hammer; and as the well-remembered music fell upon their ears they realized more than ever that the old times had returned, and that the enemy were gone.

The Summer-time had come ere Washington left the Jerseys, and it was not until July that Elroy Pemberton was released from his imprisonment. He took a solemn oath that he would never again take up arms against the Patriot cause, nor render aid and comfort to the enemy; and then he was allowed to depart.

* * * * *

Rosalie sat in the little chamber where her mother had died. She would sit there, for the memory of the mild and gentle spirit that once pervaded it, and which seemed to pervade it still, had a soothing influence upon her. Had her life been bright and joyous, and all her hopes clothed with the cheering garb of faith, she might have shunned that chamber as one of gloom; but it was not so now. This world was dark to her, and she only found consolation in thinking of the next. She knew that Elroy Pemberton would soon return; and then she must pass the fatal ordeal! Where was the source of hope? What power of earth should overcome the stern, inflexible will of her father? Alas! she could think of none!

It was in the afternoon as she sat there, and the birds were singing to her from the great linden trees. She was watching a golden robin, that had hung its quaint nest from one of the slender twigs high up above the window, when the sound of footsteps upon the side-walk arrested her attention. She gazed down, and she saw a tall, well-dressed man approaching the house. Her breast gave a fearful bound, and then sank within her. It was Elroy Pemberton!

She hoped that she should not be called down; but the hope was vain. In half an hour Patience came to her door and told her that her father wanted her in the parlor, She waited only long enough to gain what of self-control she could command, and then went down.

It was a severe task, to go into that room; and she hesitated some moments at the door to still the tumultuous beating of her heart. But finally she entered. She saw the man upon whom her joy was to be wrecked, and at first the room seemed to be unsteady, and the various articles about her to be swimming in circles. She overcame all this with a strong effort, and was in time to extend her hand as Elroy arose to take it.

"My dear Rosalie," the young man said, "you are looking very well; and I must say that the sight of you almost makes up for the long season of suffering I have endured."

"Aye," added Sir Arthur, bitterly. "And suffered at the hands of a near relative—at the hands of one who hoped thereby to prevent the marriage we had planned. Do you think you could ever again look upon that villain without feeling for him the detestation he so richly merits?"

"Did you understand what I said, Rosalie?" the baronet asked, after he had waited some moments for an answer.

"Was your question directed to me?" returned the maiden, trembling at every joint.

"Of course it was. Did you not hear it?"

"Not plainly, sir."

"I remarked that all the suffering Elroy had endured had been put upon him by a near relative, and by one who hoped thus to prevent the marriage we had planned. And I asked you if you could ever look upon him again save with that feeling of detestation which he so richly merits. Now you understand me."

And still the poor girl did not answer. She gazed down upon the floor, and her frame trembled violently.

"I *wish* you would answer me!" whispered her father.

The peculiar emphasis of the remark startled the girl, and she quickly said,—

"You have no right to ask me such a question, sir. You know my feelings, and you know that if I answser at all I must either speak falsely, or deeply offend you."

"Aha!—you haven't got over your folly, then?"

"What folly, sir?"

"Of imagining that you love that young Rebel."

There was a low, brutal irony in the tone and manner of this speech that proved the "last ounce upon the camel's back." Rosalie had borne enough already. They knew her feelings, and all this could only be to trifle with them. She had contained herself until "forbearance ceased to be a virtue," and she did so no longer.

"You speak of Robert Pemberton, sir," she said, with a flashing eye and a quivering lip. "You know I love him—you know I love him as I hate his enemies! If he has done injury to any man he did it to prevent a greater injury to one whom he loved, and who was powerless to help herself!"

"Elroy Pemberton!" cried the mad baronet, starting to his feet, and fairly foaming with rage, "are you the man to take a decided step?"

"I trust so, sir," the youth replied, in amazement.

"Then we'll put a stop to this work at once! We know not what plots these accursed Rebels may have hatched up! The certificates are all drawn up, and duly sealed and acknowledged: *you shall be this girl's husband ere you leave this room!*"

As the mad man thus spoke, he strode to the bell-cord and pulled it violently. Patience quickly answered the summons.

"Send Thomas here!" he ordered, imperiously.

The old house-keeper looked upon Rosalie, and when she saw how deathly pale she was, and how she seemed to press her hand upon her heart as though she was faint, she could not resist the impulse to hurry to her side.

"Did you hear me?" thundered Lincoln.

The old woman started up in affright.

"What—what—a—are ye goin' to do with the dear young girl?" she uttered, forgetting all fear for self in her fear for Rose. "Oh! ye shan't hurt her!"

"Fool! idiot!—we are not going to hurt her! Go and send Thomas here immediately!"

Aunt Patience dared not hesitate longer. She went out; and in a few moments the man-servant came in."

"Thomas," spoke the master, "go over to 'Squire Parker's, and tell him his attendance is required here at once."

"Y-e-s, sir," returned Thomas, in a bewildered manner. "Shall I wait for it, sir?"

"Wait for what?"

"What ye said ye wanted, sir."

"Dolt! I want the 'squire to come over himself!"

"Oh!—y-e-s."

"Now go at once!"

"Ye-e-es, sir."

The unlettered serving-man left the apartment, and after he was gone the baronet commenced pacing to and fro across the floor.

"I'll see how much longer this can last!" he muttered, half to himself, but meant for his child's ears. "It has grown enough! We've had just about as much of open, defiant rebellion as is comfortable!"

And so he kept on muttering, at times stopping and gazing upon Rosalie, and then moving on. At length there came a knock at the outer door, and in a few moments more the justice was ushered into the room.

Abraham Parker, Esquire, was a tall, slim, hard-visaged man, and it required but a single look at his face to assure the beholder that he would do anything for money.

The usual salutations were passed; and then the baronet said:

"I believe, sir, I have the authority to answer for my child?"

"You have, sir," replied the justice, obsequiously.

"Even in a marriage ceremony?"

"Most assuredly, sir."

"Then we will have this ceremony performed as quickly as possible."

"You have the necessary documents, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir. They were drawn up over six months ago."

"Ah—well. Then we may proceed as quickly as you please."

"It must be at once, sir!" Sir Arthur said, emphatically. "Elroy, you will take her hand at once. She will not refuse you. *I don't think she will!*"

Let us look back just one minute:

At the moment when the justice answered Lincoln's second question Rosalie was gazing vacantly at the window. She saw a dark form pass, and as she concentrated her sight she was sure she recognized Robert Pemberton! He turned his face toward her, but seemed not to be able to see any thing through the glass. For a single instant her strength left her, and she sank back in her seat. Both Elroy and the baronet saw the emotion, but they little dreamed what caused it.

It was through the front window she had seen her lover, and he was passing up the street towards the residence of Van Ruter. The parlor was a corner room, and the end windows looked the same way Robert had gone. Rosalie looked in that direction, and saw him upon the sidewalk. He had stopped and turned, and was gazing towards the house as though he were debating whether to come back and call. Once he turned and moved on a single step, and then hesitated again.

It was a wild, thrilling thought which flashed upon the maiden's mind at that moment. But it came—and it was the only earthly hope. It was a moment of life or death with her. Aye—of life or a state to which death would be far preferable.

"She will not refuse you. *I don't think she will!*" said Lincoln.

Elroy arose and moved towards the golden prize. She saw him coming, and she started to her feet. She cast one look into his hard, cold eye—she saw the icy gleam that shot forth from it—and then she turned towards the window. It was open, and beneath it was a narrow passage-way leading from the back-door to the road. With one wild thrill of fear and of hope combined she made the leap! She reached the passage in safety—and to the road was but a single bound.

"Robert! Robert!"

Captain Pemberton heard his name pronounced, and he turned,—and in a few seconds more Rosalie was upon his bosom.

"Save me! save me! Oh! the man is there to marry me! Don't let them get me! Don't let them get me! Oh! don't!"

"Get thee, dearest?" cried Robert, gazing into her upturned features. "You have not enemies enough in this town to take you from me!"

For a few moments after Rosalie had gone the three men stood like fools. They did not think, however, that she could escape; and as they had not thought to look up the road to see if any one was there, they supposed this movement to be only the result of a frantic idea of running away. But they did not hesitate long. As soon as Elroy and Sir Arthur had fairly recovered their senses they hastened to the hall, seized their hats, and rushed from the house. They were just in season to see Rosalie and Robert start to walk off.

"They are coming!" cried the frightened girl, clinging to her lover's arm.

"Fear not," he replied. "They shall not take you from me. To-morrow Karmel will be here—and perhaps to-night—and he assured me he can save you."

By this time Elroy had come up near, and the baronet was close behind him.

"Stop!" cried the former, in a gasping tone.

"What would you?" our hero demanded, facing about and placing Rosalie behind him.

"What would I? By the heavens above me, I'll let you know if you don't give up that girl!"

"O—not quite so fast, my dear sir," returned the young captain, calmly, but with a very peculiar kind of calmness. "I know you of old. Did you think I would allow you to run at large here long without being here myself to overlook you? But I must say, I did not think operations would be commenced quite so quickly."

"You didn't, eh?" exclaimed Lincoln, coming up at that moment. "You will give me up my daughter, sir!"

"This girl has asked for my protection, sir," said Robert, ' and she shall have it. The first man of you who touches her will pass over my body!"

"Are you afraid of him, Elroy?" asked the baronet, as the former stood back.

This served to spur Elroy up, and he made a spring for his cousin; but on the next moment he lay full length upon the ground from a blow upon the breast.

"Back, sir!" the young Rebel shouted, as Lincoln advanced. "I would not touch you. Do not come any nearer, I implore you, sir. You might strike me in welcome, so you did not take this precious charge from me."

"How?—not take my own child? Are you a fool? Do you suppose you will kidnap my child before my very eyes, sir?"

"Hold, Sir Arthur. When you would place your foot upon a child, and crush her down to earth—when you would deliberately break her very heart, and drive her mad with anguish and shame—then you have no more right to control her! You need not——"

Robert stopped here, for Elroy had arisen, and was making another spring—this time with wondrous fury. But it amounted to little. He was but a child in his iron cousin's hands. He was large in frame, but he lacked Robert's muscle; and, more still, he lacked Robert's dauntless courage and coolness under trial. Once more he measured his length upon the earth, and then Robert turned again to the baronet.

"Now, sir," he cried, "I am loaded with all I can bear. Do not force me further, for I would not hurt you!"

Sir Arthur gazed a moment upon the sinewy frame of the youth, and then moved back a pace. He had two reasons for doing this. He did not wish to test the Rebel's physical power, nor did he wish to be seen in such a work in the public highway.

"Go—go," he uttered. "Go both of you. You will hear from me before long! You will hear from me, I say? I'll make you—I'll—I'll—find out who has the power here! Oh! by the Being that made me, I swear that you shall——"

So utterly overcome by absolute madness was the man that he lost his power of articulation. He had grown more and more angry as he proceeded, until he fairly boiled over and drowned his speech; and without another word he turned away. Elroy had arisen, and, with a black eye, and a limping gait, he proceeded to follow.

"You shall die for this!" he hissed, between his clenched teeth. "You shall know who can be struck with impunity, sir!"

"I know who is a villiain, now, Master Elroy!" was Robert's response. "Perhaps you would like for the world to know how you were about to obtain a wife. If you wish to take my life, you had better go home and dream about the gallows first!"

"Come Elroy," cried the baronet, turning. "We will quickly find those whom he will not dare to resist. Let us have no brawl in the public street."

"Will he kill you?" asked Rosalie, eagerly.

"Not while men can be hung for murder," returned Robert, smiling. "He is too great a coward for that. But come: We will go to Andrew Van Ruter's; and there plan for the events to come. I know he will have the civil officers after us; but—— Ha! there is Karmel, now—just riding up to Andrew's gate! Oh! there's a new hope for us, I am sure!"

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

LOVE'S GOOD-NIGHT.

Good-night, my love, good-night,
May soft repose thy couch attend;
May fairy beings hover there,
When midnight's holy hour is near,
With thy sweet spirit blend.

Good-night, my love, good-night!
The stars shall watch thee as they shine!
And if thy happy soul should roam
During its visions, may it come
And satay while with mine!

MOTHER'S BABY.

What are *all* our lives but sweet and mournful poems of the solemn Angel, Time? Sweet with the sunshine of hope, the fragrance and beauty of love. Mournful, with the every-day ills, the thousand little hopes, and the heavier storms of sorrow, that darken the calmest fate. Time is a mighty and wonderful poet, chanting his songs amid the rolling anthems of the spheres, and the ever varying tones of chance, and change. Born of an inspiration of God, some are glorious and will never die; traced in characters of living fire, on tablets of jacinth and beryl, on the everlasting hills. Some are woven of flowers in the green vallies of humanity; some are chanted at the world's gate, in jar and jostle; some are breathed no louder than the holy breath of 'Mother,'—and some, alas! are written in the sand.

That pretty one asleep—blue eyes, waxen-lidded, sealed from mother's smile; tiny hands, laid softly together in a white eternal peace; dainty cheek, dimpled for the last time with mother's passionate kiss; amber locks combed smooth away from the sweet baby-face—sublime in its shadowless calm—that little life was a pleasant snatch of song, learned by mother's heart among the psalms of the morning, and lost in the noises of the day. Lost, oh, never! Down in the solemn sanctuary, in the royal temple of that mother's soul, the melody lives on. Ah! her ear may be heavy yet, with the rattle of the grave-clay on the small dark coffin-lid—her lips numb with the last chill kiss—her eye dim with straining to catch, through the mists of the valley of shadow, a gleam of the golden gates where her baby went in—but the love lives on! The mother is true to her heart, and to the memory of the deep seraphic joy that budded with the being of that little one asleep. Even though, in after years, when the innocent smile shut down in the coffin shall have burst into blossom, covering the wee, green grave-roof with a beautiful type of the "resurrection and the life," she kneels among the lilies, and thanks Him who hath said, "suffer little children to come unto me."

EMMA ALICE BROWNE.

HOW LONG AGO?

"How long ago was it?" asked an eager youth of an old man who was relating an exciting adventure. "Oh, a long while," answered his companion; "long enough for young men to grow old, and for old men to wither and rot. Some twenty years ago or more. Lack-a-day, how few twenties there are in life! Twenty and twenty are forty, and twenty are sixty; how few see the fourth twenty! Who sees the fifth? The first begins in the infant with a passion for milk—all mouth and no wit—and ends in the youth with a love of sweet ankles and cherry lips; all heart and no brains. The second starts on his course like a swallow catching insects, and ends like a slough-hound upon the track of a deer; ambition flies before and distances him still. Then begins another twenty, with the hard brain and the hard heart; your man of manifold experiences, who finds no pleasure in pippins, and is mailed against the dart of a dark eye. He must have solid goods, forsooth, and so chooses gold, which will not decay; but, good faith! it matters little whether it be the possession which decays, or the possessor,—whether the gilded coin rots, or the fingers that clutch it; the two part company all the same. Then comes the fourth twenty, often begun and seldom ended; and we go creeping backward, as if we would fain run away from the other end of life; toys please us, straws offend us: we stumble at the same mole-hills that tripped up our infancy. Time rubs off from the score of memory what experience had written; and when the sorrowful, soft gums have eaten their second pap, death takes us sleepy up, and puts us quietly to bed. It was twenty years ago, good youth,—ay, that it was,—and twenty years is one of those strange jumps that are more wisely taken backwards than forwards."

LOVERS' SORROWS.

Of the great misfortunes and calamities incident to human life, there are none that touch one so sensibly as those which befall persons who eminently love, and meet with fatal interruptions of their happiness when they least expect it. The piety of children to parents, and the affection of parents to their children, are the effects of instinct; but the affection between lovers and friends is founded on reason and choice, which has always made us think the sorrows of the latter much more to be pitied than those of the former. The contemplation of distresses of this sort softens the mind of man, and makes the heart better. It extinguishes the seeds of envy and ill-will towards mankind, corrects the pride of prosperity, and beats down all that fierceness and insolence which are apt to get into the minds of the daring and fortunate.

IN the family and in the world be what your views of philosophy and religion ought to make you: forbearing, generous, just, the intrepid defender of others' rights—the uniform observer of your own duties—the master of yourself, the servant of all.

INTEGRITY.—A mind that is conscious of its integrity, scorns to say more than it means to perform.

CROWNED!

BY MISS EMMA ALICE BROWNE.

Yea, royal-proud! with a spirit love,
Ere the cycle of time began;
And sceptered! with the gorgeous praise
Of a glorious poet-man!

Oh, spirit-mate! in the years gone by,
A desolate thing I grew;
Lifting my heart like a lily athirst,
For the virginal kiss of dew.

I cried for love, as a child, for help
Cries, lost on a flowery plain—
Lo! my soul is bowed with the beautiful gift,
Like a lily o'er full of rain!

And the consciousness—I am beloved
To the full of thy poet-grace,
Climbs crimsoning, from my happy heart,
Like a sunrise to my face.

And for thy sake the piteous snow,
That smothered my roses down,
Hath quickened into the blush that shines
In the summer's bridal crown.

Oh, come! when the beautiful flowers awake
From their long, long wintry dream—
When the wings in the budding woods keep time
To the music of every stream;

When the sunshine flows from the blushing East,
Like the crystal river of God,
And the stars of heaven are paled away,
By the glories of the sod;

And in the palace that owns me queen,
Where the wild waves rise and fall—
Of song—to the beat of my spirit-wings—
I will crown thee King of ALL!

THE REFUGEES:

AN INDIAN TALE OF 1812.

BY EMERSON BENNETT,

Author of the "Prairie Flower," "Artist's Bride," "Clara Moreland," "Border Rover," etc., etc.

Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1856, by ROBERT BONNER, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

CHAPTER XXV.

AN IMPORTANT CHANGE.

The new-comers, mentioned at the close of the preceding chapter, were three in number, two being white men, in the uniform of British officers of high rank, and the third a distinguished Indian chief. The elder of the whites was an old man, whose hair was the hue of the driven snow, and who might have appeared venerable except for a small, black, malignant eye, a low, wrinkled, villainous forehead, and a countenance altogether cold, harsh, and sinister. His companion was a tall, finely-formed man, with regular and even handsome features, though lacking the sincerity of an honest man, or the force of character of a great one. But the most remarkable of the three was the chief. Taller than either of the others by several inches—of a commanding form—a high, noble forehead—a clear, bold eye—a slightly aquiline nose, and a beautifully formed mouth and chin—the whole countenance highly intellectual, dignified, and full of character—he was an individual to arrest attention and inspire the respect which is ever accorded to true natural greatness. Though of clear Indian blood, with high cheekbones, black hair, and swarthy skin—bred in their customs, dressing in their mode, and believing in their faith—he yet possessed a look of dignity, humanity and intelligence, which raised him above and beyond all others of his race, and cast even his white compeers far back in the shade.

We have said that the two white men wore the uniform of British officers of high rank. The first mentioned, the old white-haired man, was carelessly and somewhat slovenly dressed in the worn and impaired costume of a British colonel; his younger and more handsome companion, was apparelled in the glittering trappings of a British general; while the chief, though he wore an elegant broad-sword at his side, was plainly costumed in a finely dressed deer-skin hunting-frock, with leggins and moccasins to match, and without any extraneous ornaments, or even the disfigurement of paint.

Not to make a mystery of a most natural occurrence, we will briefly state, that a British sloop-of-war, on its way from the Detroit river to the American coast, for the purpose of reconnoitering and laying the plan of a successful campaign, and having on board these officers with their suites, and a small force of militia and Indians, had been discovered by an Indian scout on the island, and the fact communicated to the party on the hill, who had immediately sent off a canoe to ascertain if it were friend or foe. On finding it to be the former, the fact had been telegraphed to those on shore, and replied to by them, as the reader will remember, by a series of peculiar whoops; and then, communications having been interchanged, the vessel had been hove to, and the distinguished parties under notice been landed from a boat, which was still waiting to take them back.

And these parties we will name—for each has a name in history—two being infamous, and the third immortal as the greatest of his race. The old man with white hair, sinister aspect, and slovenly dress, was the cold-blooded, British Indian agent, Colonel Elliot, of infamous memory; his younger and handsomer companion and superior officer, was the almost equally infamous General Proctor, of Malden notoriety, recently promoted; while the third, superior to both in that nobleness of soul and grasp of intellect which constitute true greatness, was a no less personage than the celebrated Indian chief Tecumseh—the commander-in-chief of the allied Indian forces, and, by virtue of an English commission, a brigadier general in the British service.

With all due deference to the high rank of their distinguished guests, the Indians who had escorted them hither, formed themselves into a large circle around the open space, and maintained a respectful silence; while Proctor and Elliot, confronting the prisoners, began to question them as to who they were, and where they were from, and so forth, and so on.

To all their questions Aunt Esther replied in her own peculiar way, and then begged of them, as white men of rank and power, to take herself and friends from the hands of her more barbarous enemies, even though they should still be held as prisoners of war by the British.

As Aunt Esther was quite voluminous in her remarks, Elliot turned away with an oath of vexation, and entered into conversation with the leader of the party who had captured her; but Proctor heard her through, though with some impatience, and then replied:

"There, my good woman, that will do—we will see what can be done for you."

"Heaven bless your most noble excellency's honor!" rejoined the poor woman, greatly excited at the hope of escape. "Dear me! dear me! if we can only get away from here, and get home to Connecticut where we belong, and where we used to live, and where we were all well off, and all them kind of things, we'll never trouble this part of the country again, I'll be bound, that's a fact."

"Is this lad a natural-born idiot?" inquired the general, turning to Peleg, who still sat by the fire, holding out his hands, with a most stupid, silly expression upon his undignified countenance, and who seemed to take little or no notice of what was going on around them.

"Well, he never did know a great deal," replied Aunt Esther; "and the little he did know was knocked all into flinders when the In'jans come and took us. That are boy, your most noble excellency's honor, was just scared a'most into fits, and you can see how it's left him."

"I see," said Proctor, turning away and calling Elliott aside.

The two officers consulted together for a couple of minutes, within hearing of Peter, while Tecumseh remained apart, with folded arms, glancing around him with a stern look of dignity.

"You say then," pursued Proctor, in reply to some remarks of Elliot, "that these Indians have been up on the Maumee, and that they report the route clear to Fort Defiance?"

"Such is the opinion of Ohasqua here, General."

"Then let us take all the force here, except some three or four, who will be sufficient to carry home their captives, and run down to the mouth of the Maumee, where you and Tecumseh can resume the command of your respective detachments, and thence make a quick march up the river. If you can surprise General Winchester before General Harrison thinks of sending him a reinforcement, you will have an easy victory; and as we now have Detroit, we only need to get possession of Forts Defiance and Wayne to be able to hold the whole Northwest in spite of all the —— Yankee forces they can bring against us. Come, let us be moving! for we only waste time here. Yet one word!" added Proctor, as Elliot was turning away: "do you think we ought to liberate these prisoners, Colonel, and take all the Indians with us?"

"By no means, General!" replied the old, white-haired renegade; "do not think of such a thing! In fact, there is but one way you can liberate them without offending the savages, and that is to ransom them; and as several Indians have been killed by these same parties, who are now permitted to live only that their captors may take a deeper revenge than a sudden death would give them, you can easily see it would cost you a round sum."

"Which of course I have not to spare," smiled Proctor. "But is it possible these women are such fighters? or did that wounded man and silly youth there perform such wondrous feats of valor as you mention?"

"Neither, General—or at least there were more belonging to the party, some of whom escaped, while the rest were killed."

"Well, come—let us be off! How many does your Indian friend wish to leave with the prisoners as a guard?"

"I will see, General."

Elliot turned and addressed the Indian with whom he had been conversing in his native tongue; and as soon as the latter had replied, the former answered Proctor's question by stating three as the number designated by the savage.

"Very good!" rejoined Proctor; "and now tell him to make his selection with despatch, and leave his orders, and then he and the rest of his followers hasten to get aboard the Chippewa—for we have no time to lose, more especially since getting such important information.

As this conversation occurred within hearing of the daring scout, who still kept his post of danger, and fairly held his breath to listen, we must leave the reader to imagine his secret exultation on learning that only three of his hated foes would be left to guard the prisoners, whom he consequently considered as good as released and delivered from captivity.

"Only three o' the infarnal varmints to be left behind t'others!" he chuckled; "and ef them thar arn't my meat afore sunrise, then sw'ar old Kaintuk blood arn't in me."

Tecumseh now stepped forward, and addressed a few words to the Indians in their native tongue; and then he and Elliot and Proctor retired together—Aunt Esther calling to them as they were departing, but getting no other response than a blow across the mouth from an Indian who stood near her.

Immediately after the departure of their distinguished guests, the Indians ran together and seemed to hold a hurried consultation; and then, with a signal whoop, all suddenly disappeared but three, who at once proceeded to bind the women, hands and feet, with strong thongs of deerskin. Neither made any resistance; but Carrie uttered a cry of alarm, as a grim savage rudely jerked her from her mother's arms; and for this she received a blow that knocked her down, and apparently senseless. Having securely bound the females, and placed them side by side on the ground, half dead with fear, the three savages drew up around Peleg, who still sat at the fire (which had partly gone down) in the same simple, listless attitude as we have described. What they said about him is not known, for they conversed in their own language; but to the best of Peter's judgment, who closely scanned every movement and gesture, they discussed the propriety of letting him remain at liberty. If such was the subject of debate, they evidently came to the conclusion to let him alone; for at length one turned to the fire, threw on some more fuel, and proceeded to stir the corn meal into the water, while the two others separated and disappeared in different directions, as Peter believed for the purpose of scouting over the island.

The sounds which the listening scout now heard upon the water, indicated that the vessel below was in motion; and as he believed that all his enemies were on board but three, his exultation was so great that it was with difficulty he could restrain the impulse to give vent to his feelings in a wild yell.

A few minutes after this, as the Indian stood at the fire, stirring in the meal, Peleg got up and yawned, and stretched himself, as one who had just awakened from a sleep; and then, after staring at the savage, for perhaps a minute, with a simple, idiotic look, he began to saunter about, in a listless, lazy, unconcerned manner, and apparently with no motive in view whatever. In this way he gradually approached the scout, till he got near enough to converse in a low whisper.

"Tow-head," whispered Bracy, "you done it wall, and ef you jest keep on, you'll soon be a free human. We've got the skunks now—fur I would'nt be afeard to pitch into three of 'em myself. But lay low, boy, and keep your eye open fur the chances. Ef they goes to sleep, you jest try and work it so's to git hold o' their muskets easy—but ef you can't do it easy, don't try it at all—fur ef they gits suspicion as you're not what they thinks you is now, then out goes your brains and off goes your ha'r afore you know which side's up. But afore you does this, jest manage to tell the squire as you're all right, and git him to roll up as nigh the bushes thar as he can without making any noise, and I'll come round to him when I sees a good chance. But tow-head, don't do nothing very particular yourself, but only jest keep yourself ready to do what I tells ye when the time comes to pitch in. Ef the Injuns stays here all night, and keeps wide awake, it's like you'll not hear from me till nigh morning; but ef they goes to put out in their canoes, jest you give us one o' your —— 'ki yi's,' to let me know in case I arn't here, for it's like I'll swim back soon to tell younker how things is, fur fear he'll think I'm a goner and put off."

"I'll do it, I swow to gosh, I will!" returned Peleg. "Jest let me alone, mister, for managing these ere darned old Injins, who'll soon find I aint such a tarnal big fool as I look, that's a fact."

After some further conversation, Peleg sauntered away, stopping here and there in the same manner as he had done near the scout, so that he might excite no supicion of having a preference for one place more than another. Then by degrees he drew near Mr. Stanforth, and finally dropped down on the earth within a couple of feet of him, clasped his hands around his knees, rocked to and fro for a few minutes, trilling a kind of lullaby tune, and then rolled over on the ground and appeared to go to sleep.

In the course of an hour the two scouting savages returned; and it was evident from their manner that they had discovered nothing to excite new apprehensions; though it was equally evident that they had not forgotten how recently a boat and a prisoner had been taken from them—not to mention the loss of the warrior in charge of it—and that knowing the party who captured it, whether one or more, to be still at large, they did not feel altogether safe where they were.

Whether it was the original intention of the party to remain on the island over night or not, no sooner had they eaten their fill of the mush, which the one had made during the absence of the others, then they began to glance about them in a suspicious manner, as if something were working upon their fears. After carefully looking to their weapons, they finally made a cautious venture into the block-house, which occupied the northeastern angle of the open space so often mentioned; and on coming out they held a consultation as to whether—so Peter at least conjectured from their gestures—they should place their prisoners in there and take up their own quarters there for the night, or at once set off in their canoes for the Canadian shore. One seemed in favor of occupying the block-house, and the others of departing in the canoes; and at length the discussion seemed brought to a close by the minority yielding to the majority.

If Peter had any doubt as to the nature of the consultation, he now had no doubt that the savages intended to leave the island immediately—for they at once set to work with their knives and cut the ligatures which bound the nether limbs of the captives, and made them get upon their feet, Mr. Stanforth among the rest, and then proceeded to bind each to the other, so that no one might escape without the rest. In this last proceeding they did not even except Peleg—who knowing what was intended, and fearful the scout had gone back to Eden, at once set up a loud, idiotic laugh, and ended with the peculiar yell which had been agreed upon between him and Peter as the signal of departure. This warning signal he had no opportunity to repeat, for one of the Indians at once covered his mouth with his hands, and the others hastily prepared and forced in a gag which compelled him to silence, while the rest of the prisoners maintained silence through fear of even a more brutal treatment, some specimens of which they had already received.

"Ay, ay, tow-head," muttered Bracy to himself, "you've done your part beautiful, and old Pete hears you so'thing nigher nor mayhap you thinks. Now then," he mentally pursued, as he quietly loosened his knife and tomahawk, "here's fur a ventur' that's got life and death in it. Thar's got to be blood drawed; but whether mine or the cussed Injuns, or both, the Lord he knows. Ef the sneaking, cowardly hounds had only gone to sleep, as I s'pected they mought do, it 'ud been easy work—or ef they'd only staid on the island till morning, and jest gin me time to gone to younker and back, it 'ud been all right too—but the way things is, I've jest got to pitch in alone. Wall, wall, thar's no use o' talking—fight's the word—and ef they gits off alive, with them thar prisoners, then they'll jest hev old Pete Bracy's top-knot along of 'em, they will."

"Go!" said one of the savages to the prisoners.

The speaker led the way down the hill toward the north, the captives like a chain-gang followed after him, and the two other Indians, weapon in hand, brought up the rear.

"Here's what'll go, too, for life and death, blood and ha'r!" muttered Peter, as he quickly and stealthily withdrew from his place of concealment, and glided down the western side of the hill, in the hope of being able to find the canoes before the others should reach the point of embarkation.

CHAPTER XXVI.

CONCLUSION.

Peter hurried down to the water on the western side of the island, yet guarded every step and movement so as not to make a sound which could be heard by his enemies, who had gone in a northern direction. On reaching the water, Peter pushed quickly along the edge of the shore, keeping a sharp look-out for the canoes. Passing the point where he had captured the boat, he still hurried forward, gliding among the trees and through the thickets as only an old experienced woodsman can, and, what was remarkable for him, fairly trembling with excitement, lest the Indians should reach their canoes and embark with their prisoners before he could get to them—for though they had started in a northerly direction, the canoes, for what he knew, might be on the eastern side of the island, or that opposite to where he now was.

As Peter went much faster than his foes, he reached the northern point of the island in advance of them, though his was a round-a-bout course and theirs direct; and great was his delight and satisfaction on finding, on the extreme northern point, drawn up on the beach, above high-water mark, the three canoes which had been used by his enemies in the capture of his friends.

But scarcely had he made this discovery, when the rustling among the bushes, at no great distance, assured him that both friends and foes were near at hand; and he knew, if he would be successful in his daring attempt, his plan of action must be quickly formed and as quickly and terribly executed. His first idea was to push the canoes into the water, send them off from the shore, and thus cut off the means of escape for his enemies; but a single moment's reflection showed him that this might not be done without giving them warning and putting them upon their guard—for, to say nothing of the noise he must necessarily make in doing so, they were already so near that in all probability they would be upon him before his purpose could be accomplished. His next idea, and the one which he instantly acted upon, was to secrete himself in a near thicket and watch his opportunity for making a successful attack; and scarcely was he fairly in the thicket, with his knife and tomahawk grasped in his hands, ready for use, when the whole party appeared and made a halt upon a small, sandy point, which, like the beach on the southern side of the island, so often alluded to, ran out beyond the line of vegetation.

The Indians now set to work with a despatch that showed they were excited by some secret fear; for scarcely had the party halted, when one of the three cut the thong which bound Mr. Stanforth to the other prisoners; and then the other savages, springing upon him, threw him heavily down upon the earth. He fell upon his wounded and broken arm, involuntarily uttered a terrible shriek, and fainted from excess of pain, while involuntary exclamations of sympathy and terror escaped from the others. With the brutality of fiends incarnate, the savages dealt each of the females a heavy blow, as a warning to be more guarded in future; and then two of them, without the least show of feeling, began to bind the feet of their now insensible captive, while the third turned his whole attention and strength upon the canoes, which he began to push off into the water.

The blood of Peter, who was watching every movement from his concealment, was now hot with anger and a desire for revenge upon, and triumph over, his hated foes; and believing the best moment had come for him to act, he firmly grasped his knife with his left hand, and his tomahawk with his right, and prepared himself for a sudden and fatal spring, fairly trembling with his eager concentration of purpose, like a panther about to leap upon its prey.

In order to bind the legs of Mr. Stanforth, the Indians had dropped down on their knees, and had laid their muskets on the ground beside them; and as no better time and position for his purpose could ever reasonably be hoped for, Peter no longer hesitated, but instantly bounded forward, with one of his wild, terrific yells; and as the startled savages made a quick and desperate effort to regain their feet, he struck one on the head with his tomahawk, and drove his knife into the back of the other. Then catching up one of the muskets, he turned to the third, and, before he had time to recover from his surprise and take any action whatever, he lodged the contents fairly in his breast. All this was the work of a moment.

"Whoop! you —— devils!" shouted Peter; "I'll larn ye so'thing about decency yit, you cowardly hounds!"

But he had no time as yet for exultation; for though the Indian he had shot had fallen mortally wounded, not so the others. The one struck on the head, though wounded, was not even stunned; and the one stabbed in the back was still in a good fighting condition; and as the first turned fiercely upon the scout, and dealt him a blow in turn which staggered him, the other caught up his own musket and snapped it at Peter's breast. Fortumately it missed fire; and before he could try it again, the first Indian and Peter were grappled in deadly strife, and were rolling over and over upon the sand, the second standing ready to strike the moment he could do so and not hit his companion.

At this moment, while the females stood shrieking in terror, not knowing what they had to hope or fear, Peleg, who was not very securely fastened to them, succeeded in jerking himself free; and seeing the back of the second Indian toward him, he made a sudden plunge between his legs, and knocked his feet from under him, so that he fell backward upon the back of the youth, and rolled over upon the ground; and before he could rise, Peleg had got possession of the musket of the third Indian; and as the second one staggered to his feet, beginning to feel weak from the effects of the knife-wound, the youth ran up, presented the musket to his head, and discharged it, blowing out his brains and killing him on the spot.

This was the turning point of the fight, and gave the victory to our friends; for immediately after Peter slowly rose, covered with blood, while the Indian with whom he had been contending, lay still in death.

"Whoop!" shouted Peter, panting for breath, as he glanced quickly around him, and grasped the hand of Peleg. "Tow-head, you done it, didn't you? Ah! yes—I see!" he added, as Peleg pointed to the gag in his mouth; and with his knife, as he spoke, he severed the ligature which secured the block, and removed it.

"I swow to gosh! I guess we're all right now, Mister Peter, aint we?" said Peleg, as soon as he got his voice; and the astonishment of the females, on hearing him speak in a rational manner, was not exceeded even by what seemed to them the miraculous manner of their deliverance.

We pass over the hurried explanations, congratulations, and almost frantic exclamations of the different parties, when they came to hear and understand and realize the whole truth; but we may briefly state, that from that moment Peleg White became a hero, not only in his own eyes, but in those of his friends; and Bracy, in his peculiar and emphatic manner, as he wrung his hand for the third time, said:

"Tow-head, you're one of 'em, you is, by ——! I said it afore, I says it now, and I'll say it agin: and ef ever I hears anybody say different, I'll make 'em take it back or fight."

As Peter considered it highly imprudent, if not extremely perilous, to remain on the island a single moment longer than was absolutely necessary, he pushed the canoes into the water, and advised the different parties to hurry into them, saying that when they got to the larger boat he would come back for whatever might be left behind.

When the first wild excitement of sudden deliverance had somewhat subsided, the women gave their whole attention to Mr. Stanforth, who gradually regained his consciousness, to learn the joyful news of the wonderful rescue of himself and friends. He was badly wounded about the head, though not mortally, and the bone of his right arm had been shattered by a musket ball; and as he now felt weak and faint, they gently placed him along the bottom of one of the canoes, and the rest occupied the two others; and in this manner, Peter having first collected all the weapons and ammunition of the savages, they pushed off from the island in search of Mabel and Eden, the mother and sister scarcely being able to realize that they were free themselves, and would soon rejoin a beloved son and brother, whom they had already mourned as dead, to say nothing of another scarcely less dear to them.

In about fifteen minutes from leaving the island, to the unspeakable joy of the whole party, they came in sight of the barge, which was still near the very spot where Peter had left it, who at once, on seeing it, gave a loud hail.

"Is that you, Peter?" called out Eden, in a tremulous voice.

"Ay, ay, younker, I'm a-coming, and I've stole three canoes—whoop! hooray!" Then, *sotto voce*, to the excited party with him, he added: "Lay low, keep shady, don't speak, and we'll hev some fun."

In two or three minutes more the canoes were along side of the barge, when Eden and Mabel, both looking over the gunwale, exclaimed together:

"Good heavens! whom have we here?"

"My dear son!" said the voice of Eden's mother, no longer able to keep silent.

"Dear brother!" cried Carrie.

"Great God!" exclaimed Eden, almost overpowered with joy; "is it possible! can I believe my senses! My dear mother and sister! aunt! uncle! Peleg!—all! all!—oh! what miracle is this!"

It seemed like a miracle indeed, that all should again be brought together alive in this wonderful manner; and no pen nor tongue can do justice to the scene of wild rapture which followed the re-union; and therefore we drop the curtain, and leave the rest to the imagination of those who have experienced the joys of a similar meeting.

Reader, our tale is told, and we have but a few words to add. It was our intention to give a brief episode of the war of 1812, rather than a history of the war itself, and our purpose is now accomplished—but whether to your satisfaction or not, is for you, not us, to say. This being the last adventure which the Stanforths as a family had with the Indians, we must close our narrative with the facts as they occurred. After an hour spent by Eden, Mabel, and their rescued friends, in such explanations and congratulations as would naturally occur under the circumstances, the sail was once more hoisted, and the boat run up near the island, when Peter went off in a canoe and brought aboard the remainder of the provisions, and such other articles as he could find, not forgetting to take the scalps of his slain enemies for his own particular gratification.

"Now then," he said, in his characteristic manner, "as I've seed you all safe through—cept him as you buried, and the squire here, who's purty bad hurt—ef you'll jest put me on the American shore, I'll make a —— quick tramp fur Fort Defiance, so's to give Gineral Winchester the news o' what the infarnal varmints and the —— red-coated thieves o' Britishers is agwine fur to try fur to do agin him. Ye see, I heerd them thar officers' confab, and it's so'thing as I'd like to tell the gineral, it ar."

Peter had been wounded in the affray, but not seriously, the blood upon him being mostly the blood of the foes with whom he had contended; and on Eden's alluding to his hurts, and expressing the fear that he would suffer from them if not dressed, he only laughed, and called them "mere scratches, sich as a baby mought a gin him if he'd only hugged one as close as he did that thar greasy hound."

The boat was accordingly put about, and run down to the American shore, where Peter was landed about three hours after sunrise, and where he took leave of his friends, who parted from him with tearful eyes.

Eden now made sail for Cleveland; and the breeze being favorable, the party reached that settlement on the following day.

Here Mr. Stanforth, who had suffered excrutiating pain from his shattered arm, was immediately placed under the care of a surgeon, who found amputation necessary, and at once performed the operation. We may state in brief, that he recovered from his wounds, but was never the same man again, and before the war was over he fell ill of a fever and died.

Eden, true to the purpose he had expressed to Mabel, when alone together on the lake, no sooner saw his friends in safety, than he joined a party of volunteers, and fought bravely through the war, being one of the heroic band who so gallantly defended Fort Meigs, under General Harrison, against the allied forces of British and Indians under Proctor and Tecumseh. At the restoration of peace he returned to her he loved, and they were married, and he and his Mabel saw many happy years on the lands which he inherited from his father, at the foot of the Maumee Rapids, where both still live, surrounded by their children and their grand-children.

The widowed mother of Eden took up her abode with him till her death, which occured some six years subsequent to the close of the war.

Carrie Stanforth eventually married a Kentuckian, and accompanied him to the gallant State of his nativity, where, for anything we know to the contrary, she still lives.

Peleg White did not volunteer to serve his country during the war. He believed he had won glory enough by his cunning exploit on the island in Lake Erie; and his "swow to gosh" ever after continued to be a very emphatic exclamation, when speaking of the "darned old cowardly, painted Injins as he had both fit and fooled." After the war, he went further west, and what became of him is not known.

Aunt Esther sold the estate of her husband as soon as she could find a purchaser, and went back to "good old Connecticut," which she found so much altered from what it used to be, that in ten years she fretted herself to death, declaring to all around her, "that she had never seen happiness except in good old Ohio, with her *dear* husband Amos, who probably died just to vex her."

Peter Bracy reached Fort Defiance in time to warn General Winchester of the approach of his foes, who accordingly made his preparations to give them a warm reception; and though they shortly after appeared in sight, they for some cause made no attack, but beat a retreat and returned to Canada. Peter continued his daring exploits throughout the war, and then went further west, and deeper into the great wilderness. His subsequent history is but slightly known, and his ultimate fate is involved in the mystery of his class.

THE END.

DIGNITY OF HUMAN NATURE.

There is nothing which we contemplate with greater pleasure than the dignity of human nature, which often shows itself in all conditions of life. For, notwithstanding the degeneracy and meaness that is crept into it, there are a thousand occasions in which it breaks through its original corruption, and shows what it once was, and what it will be hereafter. We consider the soul of man as the ruin of a glorious pile of building; where, amidst great heaps of rubbish, you meet with noble fragments of sculpture, broken pillars and obelisks, and a magnificence in confusion. Virtue and wisdom are continually employed in clearing the ruins, removing these disorderly heaps, recovering the noble pieces that lie buried under them, and adjusting them as well as possible according to their ancient symmetry and beauty. A happy education, conversation with the finest spirits, looking abroad into the works of nature, and observations upon mankind, are the great assistances to this necessary and glorious work. But even among those who have never had the happiness of any of these advantages, there are sometimes such exertions of the greatness that is natural to the mind of man, as show capacities and abilities, which only want these accidental helps to fetch them out, and show them a proper light. A plebeian soul is still the ruin of this glorious edifice, though encumbered with all its rubbish.

TO C——.

BY ALICE CARY.

Strange fancies I sometimes pursue—
I have been thinking now, to-day,
If I perforce must write to you
A letter, what things could I say?

My wits, in truth, cannot suppose
A first line—'twould not do, I think,
If I were writing of a rose,
To say geranium or pink

And of the searching were no end,
For synonyms of *love*, or *need*,
Therefore, I must begin with *friend*,
And leave my meaning incomplete.

Well, having written this, what next?
My thoughts slope back at once to youth,
Whose every memory is a text
For sermons of forbidden truth.

The beech woods, and the cattle track,
The beans come up in crooked lines,
The stub with body scarred and black,
And heavy turbans of red vines.

The distant hill so calm and high,
Clothed in its dress of summer state,
And standing at the sunset sky,
Like some old shepherd at his gate.

The guilty stream, that tried to wear
Its way so deep beneath the sands,
We might not hear it washing there
The redness from its pebbly hands!

But if I should a letter send,
Bearing from youth one faintest ray,
Would it not waken, O my friend,
The memories we must lie away!

FOREST SKETCHES---NO. 13.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS.

BY COL. WALTER P. DUNLAP.

THE PANTHER'S CAVE.

A few miles below Bastrop, the Colorado rolls darkly through a deep cut, or gorge, of the Iron Hills. These hills are a mountainous range, over a hundred miles long, commencing at the head-waters of the Yegua Creek, and extending, in a south-westerly direction, to the San Antonio River. They are heavily timbered at the base, and most of them well wooded to the summit; abounding in game, and furnishing safe retreats for many kinds of wild beasts. At Bastrop we bought eight horses of some traders, paying for them in deer and bear skins. The animals thus cost us about fifteen dollars each; and they were good ones at that.

Thus prepared for travel by land we struck through the timber to the southward of the hills, and finally set up our tent at the head of the Peach Creek. Game was plenty, and our powder was burned up with a profusion which must have been particularly gratifying to old Jose, the ammunition dealer at La Grange.

One afternoon Harris and myself determined to start off on a tramp. Garl and Ned had gone down the creek after fish; Ben and old Fitz were playing at catch-pebbles for pennies; and Harris and self had nothing to do but to go out and shoot something. Garl had told us that at the foot of Black-Stone Mount there was a deep cave; and Harris proposed that if we did not find enough else to do we should visit the place. I rather liked the idea, so we took a couple of torches, and having hung them over our backs we started off.

For the first time since we had been in that section we wandered about over two hours without seeing a thing worth shooting; and in view of the probable continuance of this state of affairs Harris proposed that we should hunt up the cave. The old trapper had given us pretty clear directions, so we started off for the place without further argument.

We had travelled nearly a mile, and judged that we were not far from our destination, when we came to a small stream—a mere brook—which we knew must be a tributary of the creek. In times of heavy rains this stream must have been much swollen, for upon either bank was a wide, gently sloping bed of sand. Harris crossed the brook first, and as I was following I heard him utter an exclamation of sudden excitement.

"Here! Here!—Quick!—By the great hoof, Colonel just look here!" he cried, as I hastened over.

When I came to where he stood I found him looking at some tracks in the sand. There was but one animal in those forests that could make such tracks; and that was the panther! And they were large tracks, too. We examined them, and were very soon convinced that there could be no mistake. It was a panther's trail, and we must find him if possible.

The tracks were fresh—they could not have been made over half an hour, for near the water's edge, where the sand was damp, the water had not yet returned to the bottom—that is, where the water had been pressed out it had not yet flowed back. The animal had apparently come down to drink, and then retraced his steps. We looked to our pieces—we both had rifles—and having seen that they were safe, we set forward.

Over the sand the tracks were of course plain enough; but when we reached the wood we had more trouble. yet we managed to keep upon the trail. It was rather slow work for us, as we were obliged often to examine the ground some time in order to detect the impress of the heavy foot. A broken twig, a bit of bruised grass, a turned stone, a crushed leaf, or a bent bush, were all we had to govern us. Old Garl might have seen all these "signs" at a glance of the eye, but not so with us. We lacked the keen perception of the trapper.

We had followed the trail somewhere about a half-a mile, having been over an hour at the work, when we came to a bed of sand which had been deposited by the washing of many rains from the mountain. Over this the tracks were plain again both ways—going and returning. This sand-bed was some twenty yards wide, and beyond was a pile of large rocks which seemed to have been hurled down from the mountain by some old convulsion. We passed around this pile, and were once more in the wood; but we followed the trail not much further.

About a dozen rods beyond the rocks we came to the face of an abrupt cliff, and at the further extremity, where a clump of bushes grew, we saw what appeared to be the mouth of a cave. We traced the tracks to this place, and upon reaching it we found it to be just what we had suspected—a deep, dark cave.

"He's in there, sure enough," said Harris.

"He must be," I replied.

"And we must have him out," added Harris.

I said that was what we had come for; and then asked him if he felt sure enough of his aim to venture in and fire.

"Yes," he replied. "If I can see him I can kill him."

We had been a long while in following the trail, and the sun was already out of sight below the tops of the hills. The mouth of the cave was in a deep shade, and upon pushing aside the bushes we could see that it was very dark within—too dark to see anything. We gained a position where we could look fairly into the cavern, and beyond a distance of some five or six feet it was utterly dark.

"This is the cave Garl told us of," said Harris; "and we've got our torches on purpose for to go in. What d'ye say?"

Harris was one of those impetuous fellows—fond of excitement—knowing no fear that was not present, and ever ready for any adventure that presented itself. I am not a coward, nor am I easily frightened; but I must say that I did not much like the idea of attacking the panther in such a place. I knew he was a monster; and a miss shot might prove fatal to one of us, if not to both. Yet I liked not to back out now; and when Harris proposed lighting the torches I did not object. I wanted to—I had it upon my tongue to refuse to go any farther; but it required more courage to deny my friend than it did to enter the panther's den.

Our torches were of very fat pitch-wood, and when lighted were quickly in a blaze. Harris entered first, with his torch in the left hand, and rifle in his right. I urged him to be careful.

"I only want a shot between his eyes," was the reply, without stopping or turning.

When we got fairly into the cave I found it to be much larger than I had expected. It was all of fifteen feet wide where we were, and as many in height. The light of our flaming torches threw a ghostly glare over the place, none of the rays seeming to be reflected, but all absorbed by the dark, grey walls. Upon either hand we could see the rough rock plainly enough; and so we could overhead; but before us all was dark as Erebus. The glare of the torches only appeared to reveal the absolute blackness of the mystic depth.

We had advanced some five or six yards, and I had just urged Harris for the fourth time to be careful, when he suddenly stopped and extended his torch a little before him, and above his head.

"———st! There he is!" he whispered.

I came quickly up to my companion's side, and in a moment more I saw two balls of glowing fire away in the extremity of the cave. Had there been any room for doubt as to the ownership of those two fiery orbs, that doubt would have been instantly removed by the low, deep, threatening growling which was commenced as soon as we stopped.

"Here—take my torch!" said Harris.

"In heaven's name, aim carefully!" I urged.

"It's a good mark," he responded. "I can't miss it if I should try."

And yet I had not the fullest confidence in his assurance. I knew he felt perfectly sure, and in that very feeling I feared his mistake might lie. Yet I took his torch, and he cocked his rifle and raised it to his shoulder.

I could now see the animal plainly. I held the torches above my head, and could see his whole form. He stood with his tail turned half towards us, and his head brought around so as to look straight at us. His ears were laid flat; his back humped; his long, white teeth gleaming in the torch-light; and that deep growl sounding more deadly than before.

Harris fired! I heard the report—there was a deafening echo for a single instant—a momentary hush—then a roar of pain and anger—and on the next moment I heard a gathering of feet—a sharp cry—a bound—and the monster was upon us!

He had sprung for Harris; but in his course he hit my legs with his side, and I lost my footing and fell! I leaped to my feet as quickly as possible, but just as I was in the act of stooping for the torches Harris stumbled, or jumped against me, and I fell again. This time I went down upon one of the torches and put it out! The other one was burning, but not brightly. I reached out to take it—I slipped—it turned over as I let it go, and the flame expired!

For a few moments I was almost incapable of thought. All this—all from the moment when Harris fired—had passed in an instant. The report—the echo—the roar—the gathering of feet—the wild, infant-like cry—the leap—my fall—my struggle—my second fall—and the going out of the last torch, had all transpired more quickly than you can read it from the printed page.

The place was dark as night. There was a faint glimmer at the mouth of the cave, but no light came in. My first impulse upon recovering from the shock of my second fall was to find where Harris was. I started to my knees and listened. I heard a scuffling—a scratching of sharp claws upon the rock—and the deep breathing of my friend. And I heard his stifled cries, too, as of a man who is straining every nerve and muscle. I gazed earnestly in the direction from whence the sound proceeded, but could see nothing. I hoped that I might see the panther's eyes.

"Harris!" I uttered, in a hushed tone.

"Fire!" he returned, in the tone of one who is suffering.

But I had dropped my rifle! Where was it? Down upon my hands and knees I went, and commenced to search for it. I found it very soon, and then arose and moved nearer to the place where I still heard the breathing of my friend.

"Harris!" I called.

But I received no answer. I could hear his deep breathing, and an occasional grunting, as a man does when straining himself over some mighty physical effort. From the panther I could hear that old scratching of the sharp claws upon the rocks, and ever and anon a deep subterranean-like growl would respond to the puff of Harris.

It was a season of intense agony and suspense to me. Was Harris dying, or was he only being kept as a cat keeps a mouse. But that was more than improbable—it was almost impossible; for a wounded panther toys not with its enemy. Yet the man was not dead, for his laborious breathing was still audible.

Presently I saw the panther's eyes. They were not turned directly towards me, but yet I could see them both.

"Harris," I cried. "I can see his eyes, shall I fire?"

"Yes!" he replied, in a strained, spasmodic tone. "Be sure of the right eye, if you can. If you hit his skull the ball may glance and hit me.—Let her drive!"

I hesitated but a moment. There was a risk; but the alternative was life or death. The eyes were still turned towards me. I raised my rifle, but I could not see the barrel. Here was trouble. How could I aim. Those two fiery orbs I could see; but my weapon I could not. In a moment something covered half of the right eye.—It was the sight of my piece! I felt sure of the shot. I only made myself certain that it *was* the sight that thus interposed, and then I carefully calculated the range. My finger was upon the trigger—the monster moved his head. A moment more and I aimed again. It was a risk, but I dared not hesitate longer. I pressed my finger quickly—the sharp report followed—but I was too much overcome to listen. I dropped the breech of my rifle and gasped for breath.

The first sound I understood was—

"Thank God! Thank God! Oh! my God, I thank Thee!"

It was Harris who spoke thus. In a moment more he reached my side, and then sank exhausted at my feet. I raised him by the arms and dragged him from the den. When I reached the entrance I let go my hold. The sun had sunk far out of sight; but it was not dark. A warm, hazy twilight dwelt upon the earth, and objects were plainly discernible about me.

I cast a glance upon my companion, and he was covered with blood! He spoke not—his eyes were closed! Was he dead?

"Harris! Harris!"

He moved.

"Harris! Harris!"

He opened his eyes and gazed up.

"Are you dying? Harris! Harris! where are you hurt? Tell me! Where is your wound?"

I was upon my knees by his side.

He gazed upon me more earnestly, and I saw a look of intelligence gleam through the blood upon his face.

"Where is your wound?"

"Walter," he whispered, struggling for breath, "I am not hurt!—No—not a particle! Only I am—I am—all exhausted!"

NOT HURT! Oh! how the sweet words thrilled to my soul! Since a moment passed away years ago, when the doctor laid his finger upon his lips, and whispered—— I had watched long nights by that bedside—long nights over the struggling spirit and wasting form of my best beloved—— Since that moment when he whispered, "*Fear not—she will live!*"—I had heard nothing that gave me such joy as did those words!

By-and-by Harris was up and able to stand. His prostration had been sudden, and his recovery was sudden, too.

"How did you save yourself?" I asked him.

He told me to wait till I saw the panther.

Presently we went in together, and found the torches. We lighted them by the tinder-box, and then went to the panther. The beast was dead—his right eye was gone!

"Look into his mouth!" cried Harris.

I looked—and I saw it all. Harris's short, stout hunting-knife was fixed in the monster's mouth like a prop! The blade was driven through the tongue, and the point buried in the hollow of the lower jaw; while the rough end of the buck-horn handle was planted firmly against the roof of the mouth! Thus the huge jaws were forced asunder to the utmost capacity of their muscles. By no effort could the brute change the relative position of them, even to a hair's breadth!

It was done thus: When Harris saw the panther coming, he had the presence of mind to draw his knife. The force of the animal's spring knocked him down, and, as he fell, he instinctively raised his knife. At the same moment the panther must have opened his mouth, to grasp his victim's throat. The knife was held "back-handed"—that is, with the guard under, instead of over the hand; and as the huge jaws were opened, the knife chanced to enter between them. The keen point slipped through the tongue, and as it struck the lower jaw, it became braced there. Upon the instant Harris seemed instinctively to realize that the weapon was in his enemy's mouth, and his idea was to shove it down his throat; but the point being braced against the lower jaw, when he gave the heavy plunge it only served to drive the end of the handle against the roof of the mouth—thus prying the jaws apart. In a moment the man found that the knife was fixed, and he held on upon it.

The panther now seemed only bent upon getting away from the excruciating torment that had so unexpectedly come upon him. The knife had become so firmly fixed—the flesh of the palate having swollen from inflammation—that it could not be moved, and thus Harris had a firm hold. Half from instinct, and half from determination, he held on. The blood from the brute's mouth, and also from the wound in the head, where the first ball had struck him, flowed freely, and thus the hunter was covered with the crimson tide.

When I fired Harris was becoming weak; but it was equally evident that the panther was becoming weak also. Had I not fired at all I doubt if my companion would have been harmed, for the brute could not think of using his huge paws while he was suffering such agony in the mouth—and such direful, maniac agony, too; for only conceive of the situation: The jaws not only distended till every cord, nerve, and muscle seemed ready to snap asunder; but the blade of a knife driven through the tongue and into the bone!

We tried to remove the knife, but could not. Of course we did not try to lug the heavy body to camp at that time, and in the dark.

With our torches still flaming we started off, and reached home in safety, where the rest of the party were strangely entertained by our story.

On the following morning we went out to the cave and brought in the panther. He measured six feet and eight inches from tail to head inclusive, and was one of the largest of his class. The knife could only be removed from his mouth by cutting the jaws asunder with an axe!

Harris claimed the skin; and he has it still. It serves him two purposes: It not only reminds him of one of the most trying scenes of his life, but it also admonishes him to prudence. He will never again venture into a dark cavern where the real prospect is, that he may not come out alive!

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE MILITARY AND NAVAL ACADEMIES AT WEST POINT AND ANNAPOLIS.—For the gratification of our myriad readers who desire information concerning these institutions, we wrote to the Hon. JEFFERSON DAVIS, Secretary of War, and the Hon. J. C. DOBBIN, Secretary of the Navy, for a full statement of the qualifications of candidates for appointment to the academies, and the conditions imposed upon them. The information furnished by these distinguished gentlemen, we will now lay before our readers.

The Military Academy at West Point.

I. The law authorizes the appointment of one Cadet from each Congressional District, from each Territory and from the District of Columbia, and requires that he shall be an actual resident of the district or Territory from which he is appointed. In addition to these, the law authorizes the appointment of ten Cadets *at large*; that is, without reference to residence. II. Candidates must be over sixteen and under twenty-one years of age, at the time of entrance into the Military Academy. They must be at least five feet in height, and free from any deformity, disease, or infirmity, which would render them unfit for the military service, as well as from any disorder of an immoral or infectious character. They must be able to read well, spell correctly, write a fair and legible hand, and to perform with facility and accuracy the various operations of the four ground rules of Arithmetic; of reduction, of simple and compound proportion, and of vulgar and decimal fractions. No person will be appointed who is known to have had a brother appointed to the Military Academy. It must also be understood that every candidate will, soon after his arrival at West Point, be subjected to a rigid physical examination by an experienced Medical Board; and should there be found to exist in him any of the following causes of disqualification to such a degree as will probably impair his efficiency, he will be rejected:—1. Feeble constitution, and muscular tenuity; unsound health from whatever cause; indications of former disease; glandular swellings or other symptoms of scrofula. 2. Chronic cutaneous affections, especially of the scalp, or any disorder of an infectious character. 3. Severe injuries of the bones of the head; convulsions. 4. Impaired vision from whatever cause; inflammatory affection of the eye-lids; immobility or irregularity of the iris; fistula lachrymalis, &c. 5. Deafness; copious discharges from the ears. 6. Loss of many teeth, or the teeth generally unsound. 7. Impediment of speech. 8. Want of due capacity to the chest, and any other indication of a liability to a pulmonic disease. 9. Impaired or inadequate efficiency of one or both of the superior extremities on account of fractures, especially of the clavicle, contraction of a joint, extenuation, deformity, &c. 10. An unnatural excurvature or incurvature of the spine. 11. Hernia. 12. A varicose state of the veins, of the scrotum and spermatic chord, (when large,) sarcocele, hydrocele, hemorrhoids, fistulas. 13. Impaired or inadequate efficiency of one or both of the inferior extremities on account of varicose veins, fractures, malformation, (flat feet, &c.,) lameness, contraction, unequal length, bunyons, overlying or supernumerary toes, &c. 14. Ulcers, or unsound cicatrices of ulcers likely to break out fresh. Application for appointment may be made by the candidate himself, or by a parent, guardian, or friend, at any time within the twelve months next preceding the time for making appointments, and should be addressed to the Secretary of War. No preference is given on account of priority of application, and no information can be given as to the probability of success. The letter of application must state the fixed abode of the candidate, the number of the Congressional district in which he resides, and whether he has had a brother appointed to the Military Academy. It must also state his precise age, his height, and whether he possesses all the qualifications above set forth. Appointments are made in February or March, and the successful candidates are required to present themselves at the Academy in the following June.
JEFFERSON DAVIS, *Secretary of War.*

NAVAL ACADEMY AT ANNAPOLIS.—The law limits the number of midshipmen, and requires that this number shall be divided among the several States and Territories with reference and in proportion, as near as may be, to their number of representatives and delegates to Congress; that appointments shall be made from those States and Territories which have not their relative proportion on the Navy list; and that the individual selected for appointment shall be in all cases an actual resident of the State and Territory from which the appointment purports to be made. It is further required by law that appointments from each State shall be apportioned, as nearly as practicable, equally among the several Congressional districts therein, and that the person so appointed shall be an actual resident of the Congressional district of the State from which appointed, and be recommended by the member of Congress representing the district in which he resides. Application should be made by the member of Congress representing the Congressional district in which the applicant resides, addressed to the Secretary of the Navy. No application will be considered where the candidate is under or above the prescribed age; where the precise age, and actual and fixed residence, are not stated; and where the applicant is not a resident of the Congressional district of the State from which he applies. The selection of candidates is made annually, and candidates who receive permission, will present themselves to the Superintendent of the Naval Academy, between the 20th and 30th of September. No candidate will be received into the Academy at any other time. Upon reporting to the Superintendent, candidates will be examined by a Board of Medical officers, and by the Academic Board of the Academy, as to their qualifications for admission into the Academy. No candidate will be admitted into the Naval Academy, unless at the time of examination he is found qualified, in the opinion of the Medical Board, (see list of disqualifications in the letter of the Secretary of War, above,) to discharge the arduous duties of an officer of the Navy, and shall have passed a satisfactory examination before the Academic Board. If both these examinations result favorably, the candidate will receive an acting appointment as a Midshipman, become an inmate of the Academy, and be allowed his travelling expenses from his residence to Annapolis. If, on the contrary, he shall not pass both those examinations, he will receive neither an acting appointment nor his travelling expenses. A candidate who has once presented himself for examination, under the permission of the Department, and has been rejected, cannot be allowed to present himself for examination a second time. No one can receive a warrant as a Midshipman in the Navy, unless he be a graduate of the Naval Academy. *Qualifications*:—Candidates must be over fourteen and under seventeen years of age at the time of the examination for admission; must be free from deformity and disease and imperfections of the senses. They must be of good moral character, able to read and write well—writing from dictation, and spelling with correctness—and to perform with accuracy the various operations of the primary rules of arithmetic, viz.: numeration, and the addition, subtraction, multiplication, and the division of whole numbers. J. C. DOBBIN, *Secretary of the Navy.*

VOLUNTARY CONTRIBUTOR.—Your opinion of the "badly written lines" which you sent us was quite just and correct; and we wonder that, under the circumstances, you could have had the impudence to ask us to publish them. Do you imagine that we prefer "badly written lines," "scribbled off in a hurry," to well written ones, which have been corrected and perfected with much care? We wish to say here, and to say it emphatically, that unfledged scribblers, who always "throw off" their productions in such prodigious "haste," and who "have not had time to correct mistakes," waste their stationery, time, postage and villainous syntax and prosody, when they send us their splay-footed verses and their ill-conceived, ill-executed, ill-spelt, ill-punctuated and vapid prose. We want no voluntary contributors of any kind; but if we wanted them ever so much, we should look with exceeding disfavor upon such as we have described. For the benefit of all who are ambitious to appear in print, we say: Take pains; don't "throw off" anything in a "hurry," and always take time to correct mistakes.

A LADY READER.—However dear to you and the circle by whom he was beloved may be the memory of your gifted and lamented friend, to the general reader, who never heard his name and knows nothing of his many admirable and endearing qualities, any obituary and commemorating stanzas would be not only uninteresting but unmeaning. We know how apt is a wounded and loving heart to suppose that all the world must feel in some degree the sorrow which wrings it to the core, but the truth is, the world rolls on as cold and pitiless as Niagara, all unheedful of those who perish in its sweep. It would afford us much pleasure to gratify you, did not our plan exclude all subjects of mere local and personal interest from our columns. As to your other request, it is possible that Mrs. Sigourney (whose genius is only equalled by her benevolence and inexhaustible goodness of heart) would write you a few stanzas on the death of your friend, if you should apply to her and give her the particulars.

KITTY.—No; life without love is *not* "a complete blank," although boarding-school girls, and young men in their first long-tail coats, are apt to argue thus in their compositions and confidential communings. They do not believe their own lackadaisical doctrine, however, as their boarding-house keepers can avouch, inasmuch as these lugubrious young philosophers always make sad havoc among the viands and vegetables. They certainly believe in the reality of roast beef and plum pudding, of turkey and pumpkin pie, of green peas, and strawberries and cream. One of these sentimental damsels, who think that "the world without love is a complete blank," will often eat a slate pencil before breakfast, and filch unmentionable quantities of bread and butter, of cake and cold tongue, from the public table to be eaten in her room just before going to bed. There are many palatable things in this world, beside love.

DE KALB.—A person who never betrays any outward emotion on occasions when most people would exhibit signs of fear, joy, sorrow or hate, is not necessarily cold-hearted; he may have so schooled himself as to have acquired a thorough control over all his faculties, and thus be enabled to maintain a calm exterior while deeply moved within. Such control of oneself is exceedingly to be desired. We believe Napoleon never admitted that he was out-generaled at Waterloo, but always maintained that he was defeated through the treachery of some of his field officers, who did not execute his orders with precision, and of certain aids-de-camp who did not deliver his commands to Marshal Grouchy, owing to which that officer did not bring his division into the battle.

LAW STUDENT.—No; you cannot acquire a knowledge of the Common Law by reading Blackstone, Kent, Story, or any other elementary writer or commentator on the law. These writers give you much valuable information, systemize the subject, and point out the way for you to travel; but inasmuch as the Common Law is that body of rules, principles, and customs which have been received from our ancestors, and by which courts have been governed in their judicial decisions, the evidences of this law are only to be found in their completeness in the reports of those decisions and the records of the courts.

ALBINA.—We think that a young lady should be exceedingly careful how she visits her lover's place of business, for the purpose of seeing him, especially before it is known that they are engaged. The world is very suspicious, and it is apt also to be censorious; besides, a woman's reputation is as delicate as the gloss of a butterfly's wing, and almost as incapable of restoration to its original loveliness when it has been once marred by too rude handling. Even after an engagement of marriage, a young lady cannot be too careful as to such matters.

WENONA may be a very smart young man, but he makes out poorly in attempting to pass himself off upon us as a "nice young girl, only seventeen—desperately in love—mother opposed to the match," &c., &c. Young girls only seventeen do not make such *figures* as those in Wenona's letter, nor bespangle paper with such bookkeeper's flourishes, nor express themselves in such business-like phrases. Your letter is redolent of the counting-room, but you have missed your reckoning this time.

DE LISLE.—When a lady has been invited to a sleigh-ride, and has accepted the invitation, it would be no more than courteous for her to inform her beau, in seasonable time, of anything that should transpire to prevent her going, so he could make other arrangements for company; but if she has not been able so to inform him, her own and her mother's apology and explanation should be accepted by him, although his disappointment would of course be a bitter one.

YOUNG AMERICA.—You probably could acquire a knowledge of book-keeping without a teacher, but you would save both time and money by taking a short course of instruction. A good book-keeper always keeps his books so that any other book-keeper can understand them, or step in and carry them on in case the regular accountant should happen to be taken ill, or discharged, or for any cause be divorced from his books.

T. M. K.—The expressions which you mention are quite improper to use in conversation with a lady, and no wonder the one you refer to was offended at your indelicacy and effrontery. In conversing with ladies a man should never indulge in the use of an indelicate word, nor give expression to an indelicate thought. In fact, a person of coarse mind or of a coarse nature should be careful how he attempts to converse with a lady at all.

MAUDE.—We cannot aid you. Men love those who (being attainable) to them appear the most lovely. If the gentleman to whom you refer, is more strongly attracted to your rival than to yourself, your only hope is in the chance that you may exhibit to him a loveliness of character, disposition and accomplishments which shall turn the scale in your favor.

PHILO corresponded with a young lady over a year, when she "unexpectedly married another man;" and Philo now wants to know how he can effect a mutual exchange or destruction of letters, as he would not like to have that "other man" get hold of his. Ask the lady to exchange letters with you, or else to destroy yours, you doing the same with hers.

EDWIN G. is quite correct in his definition of sensation. As for those philosophers who say that the mind is merely the body, they must belong to the troy or avoirdupois school, which determines the value of everything by its weight. They would do very well for coal and lead merchants, or even for chemists and druggists, but they should let metaphysics alone.

HARVEY BROWN.—Put your $700 in a Saving's Bank, and keep it there until you shall have acquired sufficient experience and knowledge to enable you to use it to the best advantage. As to a choice of business, you should select that which you like the best, and in the pursuit of which you can feel the most enthusiasm.

SAMUEL.—The reason assigned for the selection of the fourth of March as the day on which our Presidents are inaugurated is, that according to calculations made at the time by the wise old men who framed our Constitution, the Sabbath comes on that day only once in about a hundred years, an advantage which no other date enjoys.

N. B. S.—Yes. Some of the writers of the LEDGER understand Phonography, and can write as fast as a woman can talk. All articles for the LEDGER have to be written in long-hand, however, as the type-setters could not read a phonographic manuscript.

INQUISITIVENESS.—You are not in duty bound to turn away your lover because his relatives are opposed to his courtship with you; although, under such circumstances, you and he should both be exceedingly careful not to fan their opposition into positive hatred and enmity.

J. B. C.—Mr. Cobb is the author of the novelettes to which you refer, and which were published in the Flag and in Ballou's Pictorial, as having been written by Austin C. Burdick. Mr. Cobb now writes only for the LEDGER.

DAYTON, O.—Among very intimate friends the rules of etiquette, as to recognitions in the street and such general matters, are relaxed; otherwise, it is the privilege of the lady to speak or bow first.

O. A. S.—The back numbers of the LEDGER containing the "Storm Secret" cost forty-four cents; the "Mystic Bride" forty-four cents.

M. C. B.—No. We can change the address of a subscriber, on our books, at any time; but he must give us the name of his old as well as his new address.

AN AFFLICTED WIFE.—Indiana is the best State for an abused wife to go to, for the purpose of getting a divorce.

B. C. C. You cannot get a number of the LEDGER in which there will not be some story "to be continued."

S. T., Bangor.—We want no apprentice.

⁂ *Several letters stand over to be answered in our next.*